

THE ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING & DRAMATIC  
NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1877.

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After Monday, is open daily from 10 till 6. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

**STOCKTON-ON-TEES.**—The Directors of the THEATRE ROYAL are prepared to receive offers for the Sale, or for a lease for a term of years. Sealed Tender to be sent addressed to the undersigned not later than Thursday, the 1st March next.

By Order, JOHN SETTLE, Secretary.

**MISS HEATH'S PROVINCIAL TOUR,** Accompanied by Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S COMPANY, suspended during Miss Heath's Engagement at the PRINCESS'S THEATRE, LONDON.  
The Company (re-arranged) will travel with "THE SHAUGHRAUN," and appear at

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All letters to be addressed to Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Princess's Theatre, London.

Agent, Mr. LEE ANDERSON. Acting Manager, Mr. MORRIS ARONS.

**MME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street.** PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, the Sultan of Turkey, Earl of Derby. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities, and the late Cardinal Antonelli. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

LAST WEEK OF "OUR DOLL'S HOUSE."

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, MATCHED AND MATED.** By F. C. Barnard, Music by German Reed. After which, SPRING'S DELIGHT, a new musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, and OUR DOLL'S HOUSE, a Fairy Vision in One Peep, by W. Wye; Music by Cotford Dick. Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Miss Millie Holland, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. Law, and Mr. Alfred Reed. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday morning at 3. Admission 1s. 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Can be secured in advance, without fee.—A NIGHT SURPRISE, first time, February 12.  
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, OXFORD-CIRCUS.

#### THEATRES.

##### THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING, The Grand Pantomime ROBINSON CRUSOE, with Magnificent Scenery and Transformation by Mr. W. Telbin. The most Powerful Company ever collected. Children and Schools Half-price to DAY PERFORMANCES, on WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2, on payment at the doors. Box Office open Daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall.

##### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Every Evening, THE FORTY THIEVES. The Vokes Family. Première Danseuse, Mlle. Bossi; Double Harlequinade; Clowns, C. Lauri and F. Evans; Harlequina à la Watteau, Miss Amy Rosalind. Preceded by HIDE AND SEEK. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Doors open at 1.30; commence at 2. Children and Schools admitted at half-price to all parts of the theatre, upper gallery excepted.

##### ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

On Monday, and during the week, MR. AND MRS. WHITE. After which, at a Quarter to Eight, a New and Original Historical Play, entitled JANE SHORE, written by W. G. Wills: Messrs. James Fernandez, J. W. Ford, B. Bentley, A. Revelle, F. Strickland, J. Smyth, B. Pedley, G. Weston, E. Price, Miss Heath, Mesdames A. Mellon, Manders, M. Brunett, Miss and Master Coote. To conclude with at 10.15, a Comic Ballet entitled THE MAGIC FLUTE. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

##### ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

Every Evening, at 7, GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME. At 8, SHAUGHRAUN, Messrs. C. Sullivan, S. Emery, W. Terriss, Brittain Wright, J. G. Shore, H. Vaughan, and Mesdames Rose Coghlan, Hudspeth, Taylor, C. Nott, E. Phillips, &c. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily. MORNING PERFORMANCES OF LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES, Every Morning until further notice.

##### GAITY THEATRE, STRAND.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—TOOLE IN DEARER THAN LIFE, at 8, and ROBERT MACAIRE, at 10.15. Open 7. New Farce 7.10. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. AFTER-NOON PERFORMANCES. Every Wednesday and Saturday, (see Daily Papers).

##### THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, till further notice, at 7.30, C. M. Rae's Comedy, FOLLOWS THE LEADER. Miss Lafontaine, Miss Irwin, and Mr. Herbert. After which at 8.30, will be revived Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Mythological Comedy PYGMALION AND GALATEA. Cynisca, Miss Henrietta Hodson; Galatea, Miss Marion Terry; Myrene, Miss Maria Harris; Daphne, Miss Chippendale; Pygmalion, Mr. Charles Harcourt; Chryso, Mr. Buckstone; and Leucippe, Mr. Howe. Concluding with BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE.

##### LYCEUM THEATRE.—SHAKSPEARE'S KING RICHARD III.

Every Evening till further notice, at 7.45, KING RICHARD III. Richard Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Henry Irving; Queen Margaret, Miss Bateman; Lady Anne, Miss Isabel Bateman. Scenery by Hawes Craven; Music by R. Stoepel. Preceded at 7.0 by MATRIMONY. MORNING PERFORMANCE on Saturday next of THE HUNCHBACK, Miss Bateman as Julia. Messrs. Swinbourne, Brooke, Bentley, Lyons, Carton, Pinero, &c.; and Miss Virginia Francis as Helen.

##### ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mrs. JOHN WOOD.—THE DANISCHEFFS. Unanimously pronounced by the Press and Public the great Success of the Season, and owing to the enthusiastic applause nightly bestowed upon the general acting of THE DANISCHEFFS, it will be repeated every evening until further notice. On Monday, and during the week, at 8.15, will be presented in Four Acts, THE DANISCHEFFS—Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. C. Warner, Mr. C. Cooper, Mr. F. H. Macklin, Mr. Sandford, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. Darrell, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Winstanley, &c.; Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Edith Challis, Miss Lavis, Miss Wilmore, and Mrs. John Wood. Preceded by, at 7.30, a Laughable Farce.—Box office open from 10 till 5. Doors open at 7.

##### FOLLY THEATRE.—Proprietor and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON. ROBINSON CRUSOE. MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and her unapproachable Company. On Monday, and every Evening, at 7.30, the Comedy, in Two Acts, of CHECK-MATE. At 8.40, the Celebrated Burlesque of ROBINSON CRUSOE, supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Willie Edouin, and the Entire Company. Morning Performances of ROBINSON CRUSOE, Every Saturday. Doors open at 2, commence at 2.30. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

##### CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON. MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM and a Most Powerful Company. Every Evening, at 7.30, DOROTHY'S STRATAGEM, by J. Mortimer. At 8.45, ON BAL, a farcical comedy in 3 acts by W. S. Gilbert, for the first time. Charles Wyndham, J. Clarke, E. Righton, H. Ashley, Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Eastlake, Bruce, Davis, Holme, and Fanny Josephs.—Seats can be secured two weeks in advance.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

##### GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, MR. EDGAR

BRUCE.—Unanimous and unequalled Praise of the entire London Press on the Revival of Mr. J. R. Planche's Fairy Extravaganza, THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.

MISS JENNIE LEE, as PRINCE LEANDER. Every Evening at 7, THE WAY OF THE WIND. At 7.45, SQUAD-BLES, a comedy in two acts, by S. Coyne. At 8, THE INVISIBLE PRINCE, in which MISS JENNIE LEE will play the principal part, and introduce her celebrated Dutch song and dance, at 10.10. Miss Jennie Lee, Mesdames Rachel Sanger, Nellie Harris, Murielle Steele and D. Drummond. Messrs. George Barrett, Edwards, F. Harcourt, Balfour and Beveridge. Box-office open from 11 till 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s.—Acting Manager, Mr. Douglas Cox.

##### ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare

Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, punctually at Eight o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Eraser Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy. Saturday, the 10th, Second Morning Performance.

##### ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. John

S. Clarke, every Evening. On Saturday, and until further notice, commence at 7, with KEEP YOUR TEMPER. Followed by AMONG THE BREAKERS. Mr. J. S. Clarke, Messrs. Grahame, Turner, &c.; Mesdames Venne, Brunell, &c. After which, TOODLES. Mr. J. S. Clarke, Miss Turner. Conclude with THE LYING DUTCHMAN. Messrs. Cox, Marius, Taylor; Mesdames Venne, Williams, &c.

##### VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Lestocq, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

##### ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.

SOLE PROPRIETOR—MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.—Dancing in the New Hall.

NOTICE.—A MORNING PERFORMANCE of the PANTOMIME will take place every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 1.30 o'clock. Every evening, at 7.15 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime, by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Spry, entitled GRIMM GOBLIN; or, HARLEQUIN OCTOPUS, the DEVIL FISH and the FAIRIES of the FLOWERY DELL supported by Mr. Geo. Conquest, Messrs. Herbert Campbell, Geo. Conquest, Jun., Henry Nicholls, Vincent; Mlles. Du Maurier, Victor, Denvil, Inch, Sisters Claremont, &c. A Wonderful Fight Scene, by Mr. George Conquest and Son, introducing new Jumps, Leaps, Dives, &c. To be followed by the Harlequinade. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee.—QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT. Re-appearance in London of MISS ADA CAVENDISH in a New and Picturesque Comedy Drama called "THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT." Mr. Henry Neville as George Darlington. Mr. W. J. Hill, Mr. J. A. Arnold, Mr. Flockton, Miss Dubois and Miss Gerard. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded at 7, by CRAZED.

##### ROYALTY THEATRE.—ORPHEE AUX

ENFERS.—Miss Kate Santley as Eurydice.—Triumphant success of Offenbach's chef d'œuvre.—Every evening at 9.0. Miss Kate Santley's great song, "Awfully Awful," at 10.0. At 8.0 the successful new and original musical pastoral, HAPPY HAMPTSTEAD, by Frank Desprez and Mark Lynne. View of Hampstead Heath painted by Mr. Bruce Smith. Messrs. Stovle, Hallam, Kelleher, and W. H. Fisher; Mesdames Rose Cullen, Ella Collins, and a brilliant company. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.

##### QUEEN'S THEATRE.—BIORN.—Grand

Romantic Opera, in Four Acts, will be performed every Evening (except Wednesday). Music by Luaro Rossi. Libretto by Frank Marshall. Conductor, Signor Tito Mattei. Orchestra and Chorus selected from Her Majesty's and Royal Italian Operas. Doors open at 7.30; commences at 8; concludes at 11. Prices, 6d. to £5 5s. Box Office open daily.

##### DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.—Every

Evening, at Eight, BROCKMAN'S CIRCUS and Great MONKEY PERFORMANCE, from the Alexandra Palace. The performance takes place on the stage. Doors open at 6.30; commence at Eight. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 4s.; Dress Circle, 3s.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Children Half-price to all parts except Gallery. MORNING PERFORMANCES every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

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##### SANGER'S NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.

—GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE, DAILY, at Two o'clock.—The Great Equestrian Company and the BEST PANTOMIME EVER PRODUCED. Prices as above. Secretary, Mr. Sidney Cooper. Stage Manager, Mr. Henry Bertrand. Free List entirely suspended.

##### NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate. The New and Magnificent Pantomime of OPEN SESAME; or, HARLEQUIN THE FORTY ROBBERS OF THE MAGIC CAVE. New Grand Pantomime Every Evening at 7. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 12.30, to which Children under 10 half-price. Box-office open 11 till 4. No Charge for Booking.

##### BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening, at 6.45, the GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, called TURLUTUTU; or, THE THREE ENCHANTED HATS. Mrs. S. Lane, Mr. Fred Foster, Miss Pollie Randall, Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Fox, Drayton, Reeve, Rhyds, Pitt, Hyde, Mlles. Summers, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Mlles. Fanny and Rosina Lupino. Harlequinade by the "Lupino Troupe. Concluding with CHLORIS. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Jackson, Parry. Mlles. Adams, Bellair, Brewer.

##### HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-

street, Oxford Circus.—Last representations of the entrancing Fairy Spectacle of CINDERELLA. At every performance a routine of pleasing and skilful exploits by the leading Equestrian and Gymnastic Professors in the world. Extraordinary displays of horse training. Eccentricities by the funniest clowns extant, headed by the drollest of drolls "Little Sandy." Saturday, Feb. 10, positively the last night of CINDERELLA. Monday, Feb. 12, first night of the Hippodramatic Spectacle, TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK, and the "Death of Black Bess," introducing the best trained mare in the world. Doors open at 7, commencing at 7.30.

##### HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-

street, Oxford-circus. LAST MORNING PERFORMANCES of the Gorgeous and Entrancing Juvenile Spectacle CINDERELLA. this present Saturday, February 3, Monday, February 5, Wednesday, February 7, and Saturday, February 10th. Doors open at 2. Commencing at 2.30.

##### THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's-park, are open daily (except Sunday). Admission 1s., on Monday 6d., children always 6d. THE NEW LION HOUSE is Now Open.

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#### NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER

OF THE

#### ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS,

will contain the following, amongst many other Engravings, a Portrait of LADY SEBRIGHT.

SPORTING SKETCHES FROM NORTH BRITAIN. (By J. STURGESS.)

A COURSING SKETCH. (By R. H. MOORE.)  
SOME HUMOURS OF AN AMATEUR THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE. (From Sketches by CYRIL HALLWARD.)

PORTRAIT OF MR. BASIL YOUNG, and THE CHILDREN'S BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE. (By H. J. PETHERICK.)



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## A NEW SERIES OF PORTRAITS.

ON SATURDAY, the 10th of February, will be commenced a series of

PORTRAITS OF ARISTOCRATIC AND DISTINGUISHED LADY AMATEURS.

No. I.

THE HON. LADY SEBRIGHT,  
as "LADY GAY SPANKER."

The letterpress by LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

\*. We have to crave our readers' indulgence for the omission of two subjects announced to appear in the present number. Mr. Sturgess being in a spot remote from London could not carry out the sketches he had made of A Scotch Meet in time for our present issue, and an accident to the block at the last moment excludes our Portraits of Provincial Favourites.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1877.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

"ATLAS," in the *World*, says:—"I am glad to see my hint with regard to the shuttered solemnity of the London streets on Sunday has been taken. A picture-shop, with an ample window filled with prints and paintings, is now to be seen all Sunday in the Strand. If our leading picture-dealers and print-sellers were only to follow this good example, we might have a free picture-gallery, in place of the endless studies of bad graining and inartistic ironmongery that the streets of London invariably present one day out of the seven." We own to the soft impeachment if the picture-shop referred to is the publishing office of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, 148, Strand.

WE have it from a peculiarly interesting and authentic source that Mrs. Stirling and "Ruby" have been remarkably successful in their joint efforts to enchant the people with good acting down in Devon. Mrs. Stirling is very proud of her pupil, and judging from the enthusiastic terms of a letter which now lies before us, with abundant reason, She, no longer "Ruby," but Miss Lonsdale, no

longer a child, "but a girl, almost a woman, plays Julia in *The Rivals* with such delicacy, tenderness, and grace, as to ensure her a separate and distinct call, and that in a part which of late years it has been the fashion to ignore and almost to cut out of the play."

Just now there are a good many Richmonds in the field of controversy, who are laudably anxious to be heard on the subject of the Lyceum version of *Richard III.* Here is a fact which we place at their service. *Richard III.*, from the text of Shakspeare was produced at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, in the autumn of 1870, and represented on fifty-two occasions. Mr. Charles Calvert played the title rôle.

WE copy from "Our Van," which is an important and brilliant feature in this month's *Baily*, the following comments on a statement which was recently made in the columns of *Truth*:—"Perhaps there are fewer of what we call 'clever all round men' to be found in London society than the editor of *Truth*. A daring speculator, a brilliant writer, a thorough man of the world, be that world east or west of Temple Bar, credited with being down on, and up to, every move, a mistake is one of the last things of which he would be accused. And yet he has been foolish enough to make one in those numbers of his journals in which he attacked the Misses Terry, accusing them and some of their relatives and friends of an attempt to coerce public opinion by packing the theatre on first nights with a hired *claque*, whose cue was to vehemently applaud the two ladies whenever they appeared. A more ridiculous statement it is difficult to conceive, and one wonders how petty spite and jealousy could have so blinded the writer to its folly. The ladies in question have, it is well known, won their position in public favour by their own unaided talents. It is true that the name they bear was a strong letter of recommendation, for we have been taught to expect something from such a family, but beyond that they have stood alone, and are now among the most popular and respected of London actresses. One has only to go to the Court or the Haymarket to be convinced of the fact, and of the utterly baseless insinuations of *Truth*."

THE Royal Academy is to be congratulated on the three A.R.A.'s that were added to the list of associates of that body on the 24th ult. Mr. Marcus Stone had earned his right to the position some years since, and the Academy would have done itself credit for discernment if Mr. Peter Graham had been elected on the first opportunity which presented itself after the exhibition of his magnificent "Spate in the Highlands." Mr. Oules takes rank with the late Mr. Mulready, and with Messrs. Frith and Millais in respect of his having obtained an Associateship before reaching the age of thirty. Neither he nor Mr. Marcus Stone has ever been on the "rejected" list of the Academy. The two candidates who came nearest success on the occasion referred to were Messrs. Val Prinsep and P. R. Morris.

THE gentleman who is engaged to "do the books" for an evening contemporary has evidently brought a clear and unprejudiced mind to the consideration of Pope. A certain literary baronet, being the proud owner of a copy of that poet's works, annotated in MS. by Horace Walpole, has laid the world of *belles lettres* under an immense obligation by making a little book out of the marginal jottings. The reviewer is vastly struck with the first of the notes, "which points to the original suggestion of 'The Dying Christian to his Soul,'" in certain lines by the Royalist poet, happily named Flatman. A critic who has so much freshness in him as to take for a curious novelty this second or third-hand mare's-nest ought not to be disturbed in what we will politely call his bliss. Nevertheless, for the benefit of other gentlemen who may have to review the same little book, with no better qualifications for the duty, we may just as well mention that Horace Walpole scarcely pretended to be the original discoverer of Pope's indebtedness to Flatman, but merely quoted that famous essay in the 63rd number of *The Adventurer*, which every student of Pope has at his fingers' ends.

CAPTAIN HAMBER is the new editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, an altogether felicitous appointment, concerning which the readers of that journal have abundant reason to rejoice.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

## HORSE BREEDING.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—As one taking a great interest in the breeding of hunters and horses generally, will you allow me space in your columns for a few words on the subject of the valuable article in your issue of January 6. What you have said will, I am quite sure, commend itself to all men who have given any real attention to the matter. A similar system has been established in the West of Scotland for the last twenty years, for the improvement of the celebrated breed of Clydesdales, and nothing could be greater than the success which has attended it. In 1875 the Glasgow Agricultural Society first offered a premium for a thorough-bred stud horse; the recipient of the prize being required to leave the animal in the Glasgow district for that season. Last year the premium offered there was £150 (£50 of this being given by the Highland Society) and thirteen horses put in appearance to compete for the same: the winner of which was Laughing-Stock, the property of Mr. Hutton. From information gleaned on the spot I learn this new venture is as likely to be as popular as the older established system for the improvement and extension of the breeding of Clydesdales. It is gratifying to see the Cleveland Agricultural Society following the footsteps of kindred societies across the border, and was the system more generally understood, I imagine many other agricultural associations would adopt this plan of securing to their neighbourhood the services of a thorough useful horse; and as you justly observe, there are a great number in England only eating their heads off at present that might be doing good service to the country.

In the *Field* of February 26, 1876, will be found an account of the exhibition of stud horses held at Glasgow last year, which is well worth the attention of those interested in the question. I have advocated these principle for two or three years back in the district in which I reside, but have not yet succeeded in getting our county association to adopt them. Prejudice, ignorance, and the influence of a few interested parties who happen to own some miserable specimens of the "stud horse" have still carried the day; but, Sir, I hope the time is not far distant when the eyes of landowners, farmers, and others may be opened by such articles as the one above referred to, and by the advocacy of the principle therein contained, which I am sure is founded on a sound basis. Many of our best stud horses and mares have been, and are still being, bought up for exportation abroad, and, as the old proverb says, it is too late to lock the stable door when the horse is gone.—ELY.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE, &amp;c.

SIR,—Referring to your number of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, of the 20th ult., respecting "an extraordinary occurrence at Crowle, Lincolnshire." I think it due to myself to say that I am in no way concerned in the "extraordinary occurrence" in question, and that the only other practising solicitor in the town is a young gentleman of the name of Burtonshaw, recently admitted, and now a member of the firm of Pearson and Burtonshaw, carrying on business at Crowle and Doncaster. You can now deal with the affair as you may be advised, but I must request that my name may not be mixed up with the transaction in any way. I have been in practice many years, and think I may safely say that I enjoy as good a conveying and family practice as any single office in the county.

T. H. CARNOCHAN.

Crowle, near Doncaster, January 22nd, 1877.

## THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article which appeared in your valuable journal a few weeks since in answer to some strictures upon the influence of the stage and dramatic performances, uttered by a clerical gentleman rejoicing in the rank of LL.D. Before going into any observations upon the subject immediately concerned—"The Influence of the Stage"—allow me to say that one thing is painfully obvious, viz., that the influence of the pulpit, of whatever class or sect to which it is attached, is manifestly unequal to the duties of its sacred office, and in its moral and spiritual influence is far below "the requirements of the day." Education has made great strides; human thought has reached an intellectual altitude that threatens to leave the incompetent provisions of the ministry in the rear, instead of its being in advance, and the waiting thoughts of men humbly following in the wake of its piety and learning. To make up for this felt deficiency, for felt it is, the services of the different churches are sought to be increased in their attractiveness, musical art, and, in some cases, scenes and ceremonies that deserve to be called the "travesties" of religion, with additions of gorgeous millinery, to act upon the senses and imagination (leaving the reason and the heart untouched), to lead to the captivation of the intellect, all tending to the reign of superstition, the sure death of real religious life. Anxious as I am for the impact growth of religious sentiment and principles, I cannot but advert to the effective growth of refinement and moral feeling produced by "Dramatic Art." This is strikingly seen in the method of criticism applied, and the pleasure afforded to those who witness its performances. The various parts of our theatres, marked by divisions of rank, are all influenced by the same high appreciation. Men of highest rank, noble, mercantile, scientific, and professional, with the humbler trading and working-classes, unitedly meet for the enjoyment of this truly national amusement. To those who can look back forty or fifty years, the higher, improved moral tone of theatrical performances is very observable. Oaths and vulgar expressions are altogether absent. Another feature in the dramatic profession is, that its members do not embrace it from fancy or stage-struck emotions, but from educated and natural fitness—hence the superiority, in the main, of all modern acting. The clergy are not unanimous in the condemnation of the stage, many of their number may be seen on all occasions amongst the audiences of our theatres. While many of the clergy may be admired for their just appreciation of dramatic art, we would respectfully draw attention to the universal practice of theatrical representations (to which you drew attention in your apposite criticisms on the learned divine's remarks referred to above) conducted chiefly by the more juvenile members of almost every church and congregation under the title of "Entertainments," "Public Readings," and "Penny Readings," and inquire whether they do not lead to profitless and vulgar imitations of the stage, filled with rant, and the worst specimens of elocution, which from the want of honest criticism engenders conceit that leads many of these readers and performers to attempt theatrical representations in a more public manner, and in places whose surroundings are but schools of vice. Everywhere goes up the cry of clerical agony for help that shall keep the people their followers; they invoke every form of assistance, some, if standing alone without such identity of association, that would be considered undesirable, and which, from the infirmity of execution, would be held entirely worthless, and now only endured because of a spirit of forbearance to their clerical originators. The above practice had its birth in "Penny Readings," commenced to supply amusement as well as instruction such as Mechanics' and other kindred institutions had failed in doing. The numerous failures of such fresh efforts should teach the clerical objectors to the stage that confining their attention "to the more excellent way" of their vocation they would so elevate the public taste and morals that none but the highest class of "dramatic art" could have a place on the English stage; and while thankful for its present eminent position, I would advise our objecting clerical opponents to be less mindful of their own acting and ecclesiastical millinery, and consistently supplying that deficiency by larger and more liberal views, may in their own sphere sustain greater usefulness and unity; and prevent amongst themselves that which must be deplored as a lamentable scandal, of which we have a notorious example now engaging public attention. Religious instruction is the most necessary and grandest teaching, and under its kindly aid the stage may be its youngest help and assistant.

J. S.

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN are writing a new drama *Le Traître*.

HARRY HARDY, a stage-carpenter, employed at Day's Concert Hall, Birmingham, has been summoned for refusing to work the machinery of the transformation scene on Boxing Night. Must it not have been difficult to get evidence from Day about Night.—*Yorick*.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The fairy sketch, entitled, *Our Doll's House*, which was produced as a holiday attraction, will be withdrawn at the end of next week, and a novelty called, *A Night Surprise*, substituted on Monday, February 12. Mr. West Cromer is the author, and Mr. German Reed composes the music. *Matched and Mated*, which is as attractive as ever, and Mr. Corney Grain's new sketch, *Spring's Delights*, will retain their places in the programme.



## DOINGS AT COBHAM.

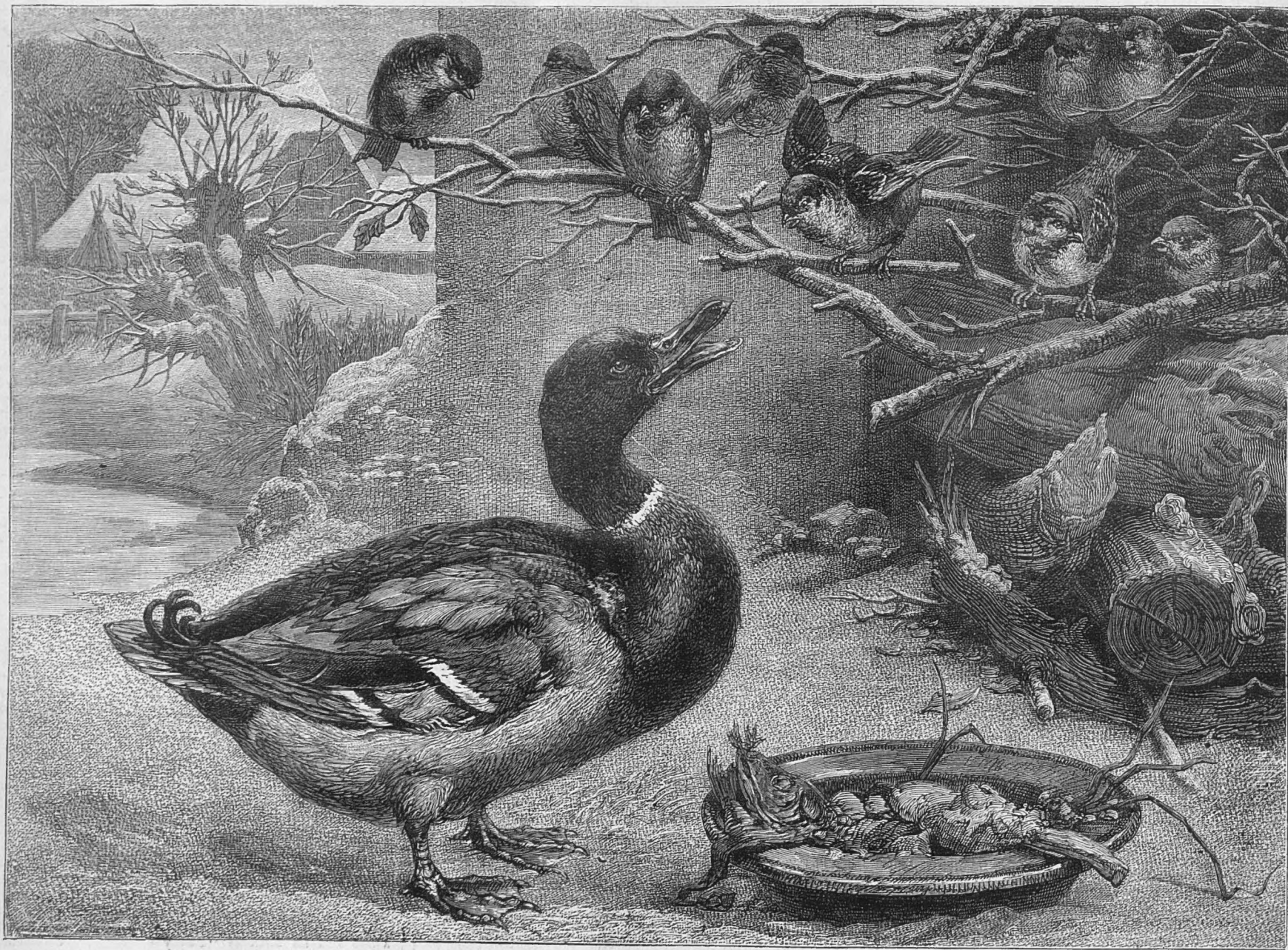
It is a good healthy sign when we see people looking after their property, and t. king more than a mere nominal interest in the affairs committed to their charge. It betokens a lively regard for the interests of shareholders in a company to find their directors declining to act upon mere report, but determined to see and judge for themselves as to "state of Denmark." Servants and hirelings are apt to become lax and careless when there is a lack of personal supervision on the part of officials; whereas the knowledge that they may at any time have their actions overhauled puts them on their mettle to gain the approval of their employers. On reaching Cobham last week, we found two of the directors busily engaged going the rounds of their property, and trudging through mire and clay in order to render their inspection complete. Not a corner of the domain was left unvisited, where any object of interest presented itself, and this visitation was not considered as fulfilled without an expedition to the various outlying dependencies of the Stud Company which cluster round its head-quarters at Cobham. Since our last inspection of the place another considerable addition has been made to the holding, consisting mainly of fine pasture land, laid out in large paddocks of about twenty acres each, thus bringing up the "tottle" of land in the company's occupation to five hundred acres, or thereabouts. The object of the directors has been from time to time to extend their dominions, carefully bearing in mind the necessity of providing plenty of change of pastures for so numerous a family as now have their habitations in the rich Surrey valley. New boxes are in course of erection everywhere, and shortly the company will be able to congratulate themselves upon having completed their work of extension, and may sit down and eat the fruits of their hands. The number of

"head" of thoroughbreds on the estate is never likely to be materially increased, so that attention will be concentrated upon a series of interior administrative reforms, thus rendering the undertaking complete in all its branches.

We found the sires in good hard condition, full of life and spirits, and ready to commence business early in the ensuing month. Blair Athol is perhaps a trifle lustier than at this period of last year, but all anxiety on his account has been entirely dispelled, and as the insurance officials would put it, he is a "capital life." All he now wants is a Derby winner to place him on the highest pedestal of renown as a sire; for somehow people cannot be induced to believe in Craig Millar, the only one of his stock who has shown himself better than a mere miler. In the meantime, his very limited subscription fills like wildfire, his yearlings sell like hot rolls, and a great many of his faithful followers hang upon the hope of his begetting better stayers as time goes on. Blair Athol is a great success, than which nothing succeeds better, and the mouths of his few enemies are effectually stopped by a reference to his yearly position among "winning stallions," and to the rush upon his services and stock alike. You may refuse to kootoo, or to do homage if you please, but you cannot get over the fact that the idol is a popular one, and that its worship is highly remunerative to its proprietors. Blue Gown has filled of course, and Mr. Bell's judgment in placing him at a century has been fully vindicated, though we are still inclined to think him rather a dear horse. He has filled out to a certain extent since his return from Prussia, but is not by any means a heavily-furnished horse, and there is not one atom of lumber throughout his entire frame. He is good to meet, better still in his middle piece, and best of all to follow; and though his head may not be of the pint-pot, taper, "clear cut, icily-regular" order, it is a good and generous one for all that, and

totally devoid of that vinegary aspect, and porcine character which have been attributed to it. Judge Clark must have known it pretty well by sight from its owner's first race at Ascot to the close of his long and honourable career at Newmarket.

Carnival, a capital likeness of whom now adorns the dining-room at Cobham, from the faithful brush of a frequent illustrator of racing and hunting in this journal, is always a pleasing study in his box, coming after such cattle as Wild Oats and Caterer. There is always a friendly passage of arms between "Amphion" and the Manager, when the big 'un is interviewed; and though no breach of the peace has yet occurred, the Riot Act may have to be read some day, or an adjournment made to settle differences outside. Caterer looks the gay deceiver he always was, but is handsome enough for anything, and it is a thousand pities that he has not begotten a few more of the Leolinus stamp, though a chestnut foal by him out of Albatross is one of the cleverest we have yet seen. But we have strayed away from Carnival, with his fine length and quality, and only a rather shabby pair of ears to detract from the sweetness of head, such as his sire was wont to stamp on all his offspring. There is more *character* about the brown than almost any sire in England, and Mr. Bell is anxiously looking forward to see what his foals will be like, while very few of his mares are barren, and he is full again for the ensuing season. George Frederick has mended his manners, and is now no longer a member of the "dangerous" class, but though he is emphatically a "nice" horse, there is an idea of "lumpiness" (if it be not treason to use such a word) pervading his conformation, which places him at a disadvantage in comparison with the finer lines of some among his fellows at Cobham. To our eye Albert Victor, though not nearly so brilliant a performer, is a more likely looking sire, but a tree must be judged by its fruits, and if George Frederick comes to the front, we shall be the first



"AFTER ME."

to make the *amende* for having rudely set at naught the opinions of many capital judges. Chattanooga has gone to "valet" the neat Orest in Sussex, and See-Saw joins Cremorne and Co. at Rufford Abbey, but still the Stud Company shows a bold front with its wonted half dozen, comprising three bays, two chestnuts, and a brown, with three blue riband winners among them.

Menace had a brown ball of a baby by Cardinal York, and Coimbra, who heretofore has brought "forth male children only," looks anxiously round at a blaze face sister to Claremont, a smart looking demoiselle, but not to be compared to a brown Blair Athol filly from Black Rose, whose 1876 yearling by Scottish Chief dwells in our memory yet. As for the yearlings, fifty-four in number, we can only afford space for a preliminary scamper through the most forward of the assemblage, but we may describe them, once for all, as a more level lot than last year, with but few duffers among them; and many of the backward lot are now fast making up their ground. Albatross shows a really taking colt, by Chattanooga, rather "punchy" about the neck, but with plenty of liberty elsewhere, better girthed, and showing more quality than his next door neighbour by Wild Oats out of Foible, who, in turn, compares favourably with the Restitution—May Queen colt, not altogether a bad sort, but taking more after sire than dam. A couple of Hermits, chestnut and bay, from Southern Cross and Coimbra, next claim attention, and a *par nobile* of half brothers they are, and both the result of crosses proved to have resulted in success in more cases than one. Melbourne and Venison mares have always nicked well with the Touchstone blood through Newminster, as witness Lord Clifden, Cathedral, and Pretender, and while the Southern Cross colt will not be easily matched as

regards size and substance, the descendant of Kingston is beautifully level throughout, and both of them show action enough for anything. The young King of the Forest from Minna Troil at first sight gives one the idea of being "all of a heap" with his very high withers and drooping quarters, but he quite dispels it in galloping, being an exceptionally true and vigorous mover. Very highly to be commended, too, is a chestnut Adventurer colt from Fairy Queen, though built on a slightly lighter scale than his Hermit relatives, and there is much to like about Masquerade's colt by Albert Victor (the first of this horse's yearling stock we have seen), promising to bring his sire into good request, should he be favoured with an average share of good fortune.

Scottish Chief shows a fairly shaped filly out of Marchioness Maria, but not equal to his Cobham produce of last year, and Dentelle a racing-like colt by Speculum, which does the Northern sire credit. The pride of Moorlands was also "judgmatically" selected for Cestus, Miss Ida, and Shepherd's Bush, all descendants of Newminster, and therefore duplicates *in posse* of Rosebery. All the produce of the three latter are colts, and while displaying the almost unmistakeable characteristics of Speculum, are singularly free from the defects of weak couplings, long backs, and defective hind action, which have been the bane of some of his stock. Ladylike, the dam of Rosebery, has a nice bay colt by Blair Athol, and far and away the best of the 1875 sowing of Wild Oats is his chestnut filly from Steppe, who has marked him with her strong Birdcatcher back and loins and shapely head. A chestnut filly out of Armada will be sure to sell readily enough, but we do not regard her as one of the mighty chestnut's happiest efforts, and there is metal more attractive in the

next box, which contains the queen of the fillies, a brown Adventurer out of Kate Dayrell, quite the most forward of the lot, and leaving little to be desired in point of shape, though perhaps a trifle straight in her hocks. That very charming mare, Mrs. Naggleton, has a filly by "Blair," with a couple of Melbourne strains in her composition; but she will show her white heels to more than one scattered field, being quick in getting under weigh, and with splendid hind action. There is a plainish colt by Wild Oats out of Semiramis, and a bay by the same sire from old Bess, Lyon, a marvel of size and bone, but at present a trifle narrow, and likely to be well served by the few months of grace before the June sale. A very captivating young lady is the Macaroni filly from Molly Carew, and another of the same sex by Orest out of Couleur de Rose exhibits more length than the generality of her sire's stock, doubtless through the West Australian consort selected for him. A couple of bay fillies by Wild Oats out of Lady Fly and Lovelace are at present too backward to show their best points; but both can move, though not to the same tune as Frolicsome's King of the Forest filly, not built on a very large nor substantial scale, but skimming over the ground like a swallow, and comporting herself like a true racer. Another Weatherbit mare, Polias, shows the best young Favonius we have yet seen, a hard-looking brown filly, cleanly and cleverly built, like the Mentmore chestnut, and promising to ripen into something out of the common. In one of the very outlying dependencies at Cobham we were shown a quartet of very useful fillies, of which the brown daughter of Young Melbourne and Vaga (purchased at Doncaster) shows most power, but for symmetry and neatness she is not a



patch upon her box-companion, a chestnut by King of the Forest, out of Lady Isabel by Lord of the Isles, which is thus bred very much "in and in" to the showy bay son of Touchstone, and inherits all the family grace and elegance of the Pantaloon. We have not been impressed with the Prince Charlies until we clapped eyes on his filly out of Catherine, which will not be passed over by good judges, and we had no idea that D'Estournel (who seems to get his stock rather "on leg") could have advertised himself so well as through his chestnut filly from Trickish. Purchasers of yearlings must, like Mr. Gladstone, think thrice before passing her by, and as Mr. Bell truly says, "there are few better looking things about the place." A clever sort, too, is the Blair Athol chestnut out of Better Half, and there are a couple of Macaronis out of Papoose, and Black Rose, quite up to Cobham form, likely to find favour in the eyes of followers of the Sweetmeat blood. Yet another Prince Charlie, A. 1 to follow is the colt out of Chiffonière, and another by the same sire from Fairy Land, good all round: and here we must pull up for the present, asking our readers to accept these very cursory remarks as "first impressions" only, and likely in some cases to be modified, when we revisit Cobham a few months hence. To sum up, we may say that neither the Blair Athols nor Macaronis are quite so numerous nor so taking as usual, but that the company's hand is especially strong in the foreign element, Hermit, Adventurer, and Speculum being all well represented. The Wild Oats yearlings, are some of them far beyond the sample we were led (as prejudiced persons) to expect; and finally, though fillies predominate, they do not at present hold out such promise as the colts. There is little or no sickness after a very trying winter, and the prospects for 1877 are encouraging alike to manager and proprietors.

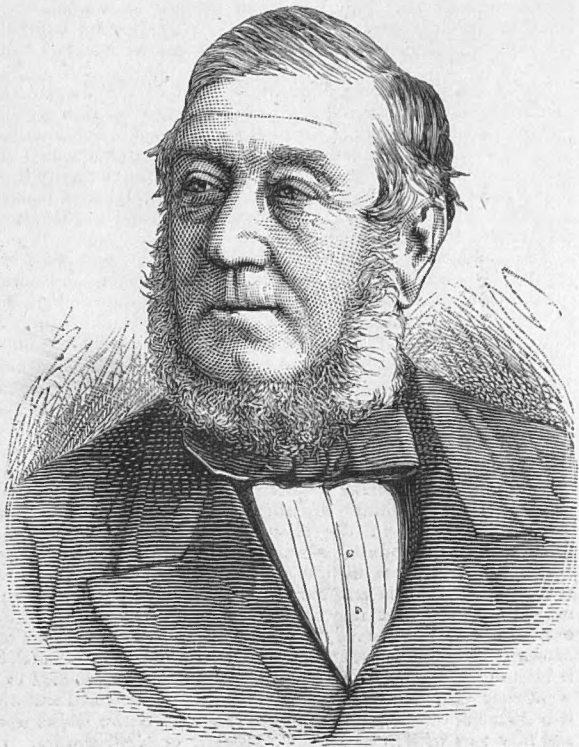
THE proprietors of the Kingsbury Course, writing to the *Daily News* on the subject of the Kingsbury Steeplechases, ask those who doubt the respectability of the company attending these races to "come and see." They also say that "if the assertions made by the 'Resident' were true, or only half true, it would need no strong arm of the law to suppress the meeting, for it would be done at once and effectually by ourselves; but they are not true, there is no measure of truth in them, as the police and those who have been to the races know full well, and therefore we do not feel called upon to withdraw from the public, simply to gratify the private malice of an individual, one of the few healthful outdoor amusements which the people in this country possess."

At Delhi, on Tuesday, Jan. 2, his Excellency attended the races, which were fairly good. One of the stone fences for the steeplechases had, however, been made too formidable, and two officers came to serious grief, one of them, Captain Mallett, being picked up insensible. He was eventually brought round, and could hardly be restrained from riding again on the following Thursday. His companion in misfortune, Captain Atkinson, has also recovered from the first effects of the fall. The Empress's Cup was won by the Maharaja of Jodhpore, to the satisfaction of every one, the hope being commonly expressed that a native chief might carry off the coveted prize, in return for their great liberality in subscribing large sums to the race fund.

THE New Thames Yacht Club has arranged its programme for the forthcoming season as follows:—May 19, opening cruise; May 25, cutter races; June 7, schooners and yawls; June 16, race from the Thames to Harwich. The dates of entry will be about a week before the respective races.

## TURFIANA.

LORD FALMOUTH, giving reasons for the faith which is in him as regards "reciprocity or exclusion," in the case of foreign horses, in his letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, has adduced more than one reason for his notice of motion, which has never been urged before, and his cause has been thereby materially strengthened. We are bound to weigh and consider well his Lordship's statement that, "owing to the prohibition against our horses running abroad, the number of mares kept in the country has been annually decreasing," as it is evident that he means it to be under-



CLERKS OF THE COURSE.—NO. 2. MR. FORD.

stood that the constant drain upon our thoroughbred resources is to be referred to the desire on the part of foreigners to acquire, and beat us with, our own weapons, without giving us a chance to retaliate. This view of the question has never been put so plainly before, but, looking at the development of continental racing and the hold it appears to have taken upon the tastes of their inhabitants, it may reasonably be open to doubt whether any restrictive measures would have the effect of lessening the run

upon our market for brood mares of high class. It is but natural that the French and Germans should prefer to breed at home, instead of purchasing in the English market, the raw material for racing, and it could hardly be expected that the sport on a large scale could be sustained by such a hand-to-mouth system. Lord Falmouth's remarks concerning weight-for-age races, and plates, and handicaps, we most fully endorse, but we much fear they have been penned in vain, so thoroughly has the latter element been engrafted upon our racing institutions. The "circus-like description of racing" may be indulged in by "owners of horses" of a class to be suppressed rather than encouraged, and only finds favour in the eyes of managers and promoters for the reason that larger fields are attracted thereby, and speculation can be conducted on a more extensive scale. The root of this evil lies principally in the plethora of meetings with which England is now overburdened, in proportion with which the material available for rendering them successful has not increased; and so the "circus" business has to be resorted to again and again in order to furnish a tolerable bill of fare to attract the million. It is some satisfaction to find Lord Falmouth confident in his assertion that our horses are as good as ever; and he very summarily disposes of the high-sounding phrases which form the sentimental side of the question, and cuts down to the solid foundation of fact underlying all the tinsel decoration of "friendly rivalry" and "British liberality," which are mere traps for the unwary.

We rather think that the Middlesex magistrates have played a doubtful card in making the question of drink to appear the head and front of the offending of suburban races. No one would dispute for one moment the morality of restraining drunkenness, but this, considered *per se*, has nothing whatever to do with the dispute as to benefits or evils conferred upon the community, by holding meetings of the Kingsbury class in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis. By disestablishing a few drinking-booths on the various courses within their jurisdiction, the "great unpaid" surely do not imagine that they are striking at the root of the evil they are so anxious to abate. They are merely lopping off a twig or two, which perhaps are unsightly, but which are clearly not necessary to the flourishing condition of the Upas tree of which these worthy magistrates are endeavouring to compass the destruction. It should be a question for the legislature to consider whether gatherings for the purposes of profit within reach of the "dangerous classes" of the metropolis should be suffered to injure any section of society—it should be a question for the Jockey Club to determine whether such reunions (as their apologists are pleased to term them) can be said to further the interests of sport, or to have any share in improving the breed of horses. The great unpaid of Middlesex have had their say, and it now rests with higher powers to permit or abolish the alleged nuisance. Everyone must be heartily sick of so unsavoury a subject, which we trust may speedily be settled one way or the other, for the credit of the racing community.

From Sandgate we hear that Rosicrucian has arrived in prime health and spirits, and by judicious handling and quiet but firm management, his temper (which at one time threatened to interfere with his popularity) has become more subdued, and he now comports himself in accordance with the maxim of "handsome is that handsome does." The seeds of insubordination were doubtless sown at Leybourne Grange, when it was palpably evident he had the upper hand of his attendants, so that when we were introduced to his box the stud groom deemed it necessary to mount two guards over him, and it was more like interviewing Cruiser than



SELLING GREYHOUNDS AT ALDRIDGE'S.



entering the presence chamber of a naturally generous father of the stud. That wonderful mare Laura, who is so catholic in her amours as to bring forth winners to nearly all her numerous consorts, this season goes on a visit to Cathedral, a horse bred very much after Lord Clifden's style, but cast in a far different mould to the departed Seigneur of Dewhurst. No sire, however, seems to come amiss to her, and she has favoured in turn Rattle, St. Albans, Thunderbolt, Nutbourne, Lord Clifden, Blinkhoolie, and Cardinal York, and mostly with the happiest results. Mr. Houldsworth has lost Necklace, dam of the famous Macgregor, and one of the few Fallow Buck mares now at the stud. She died quite suddenly, and will be much missed from among the very select coterie which furnishes racing material for Green Lodge, though nearly all her produce were on the small side. Sir W. Throckmorton's mares are advertised for sale during this month, and they read well enough on paper, although the fact of most of them being in foal to Tomahawk will not enhance their value in the eyes of breeders, the Lucy Hawk precedent notwithstanding. The yard at Albert Gate was full of breeders on Monday, though "what came they out for to see" it is difficult to comprehend, as a very indifferent list of blood stock was paraded for their inspection and Mr. Blenkiron was the only one who seemed bent on buying. At Shepherd's Bush and Highfield Hall they have had but indifferent luck with their early foaling mares, and we hear from other breeding quarters of many premature births, doubtless due to that "something in the season" which is so mysteriously accountable for these little mistakes. The redoubtable Knight of Kars, whose girth was something prodigious, and his stock, announced as certain to lick all creation, has fallen upon evil days at Stanton, where he now stands at the modest fee of ten guineas, and admits also half-breds to his list. This is rather a come down after the loud fanfares of trumpets which proclaimed his entrance into public life, but his owner philosophically consoles himself with the reflection that "he is sire of more winners of steeple chases, hurdle and welter races than any horse in England." The Colonel was certainly a great feather in his cap, and with such credentials he should not lack support from those who are in possession of good hunting mares past their prime. At Woodborough Stud Farm, near Nottingham, Mr. R. Howett advertises Munden, but he is hardly the sort of horse to start such a large concern as we hear the newly formed stud is likely to become, and handicap horses have generally been failures when brought into competition with good class performers in great weight for age races, which are mostly accepted as the real test of a horse's powers. Landmark and the Rake are in possession at Glasgow Paddocks, Doncaster, both at fifteen guineas, but the former, with all Mr. Prior's patronage, has not succeeded in begetting many important winners except Scamp, who signally failed to hold his own when pitted against the best of his year. Landmark would not be looked at, were it not for his "Agnes" blood; but it would be unfair to condemn so well-bred a horse without a fair trial, though his form as a race horse was far below mediocrity. SKYLARK.

## CLERKS OF THE COURSE.

### No. II.—MR. WILLIAM FORD.

The genial official, whom we place second in our gallery of managers of race meetings, enjoys a large degree of popularity, which is by no means limited to the neighbourhood of Carlholme or Sherwood Forest. The strongest proof of his capability for the post which he occupies lies in the fact that ever since he undertook the control of the Lincoln Meeting the "fixture" has prospered. Previously to that period the meeting had sunk to a rather low ebb. Mr. Ford formerly resided within the sound of Great Tom, but he is now, and has been for some years, a Burgess of Nottingham, and a member of the Town Council there. Sometime since Mr. W. J. Ford, his eldest son, became Clerk and handicapper to the Nottingham Meeting, with the best results for that fixture, both in respect of "fields" and receipts. The subject of our notice is an active politician, and is understood to be a likely horse to be run one of these November for the civic chair. Like Mr. Frail, Mr. Ford has the advantage of being assisted in his clerical duties by his son.

## MUSIC.

(All Music sent for review will be noticed within one month after its arrival.)

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

At their last concert the Sacred Harmonic Society gave a performance of Handel's oratorio *Solomon*, not one of his greatest works, but one which contains some fine specimens of its composer's genius. The choruses and double choruses in *Solomon* are more attractive than the solos, although some of the latter are full of charm. The chorus "Let no rash intruder disturb their soft hours" is marvellously beautiful, and "Swell the full chorus to Solomon's praise," "From the censer," and "Shake the dome" are, in different styles, almost equally excellent. It is necessary, however, to the full enjoyment of these choruses that the voices of the choristers should be evenly balanced, and this was not the case on the occasion under notice. The soprano voices of the choir are too weak to contend with the altos, tenors, and basses; and in forte passages the "top line" of the harmony is sometimes inaudible, to the great detriment of the musical effect. Attempts have been made to improve the choir by the removal of some veterans whose voices were not commensurate with their zeal; but it is of little use to remove twenty weak-voiced singers unless better singers can be found to supply their places. There ought to be no difficulty in obtaining the aid of amateur vocalists; for the spread of musical cultivation is wide and rapid, and at least five hundred competent choralists could now be found for one who was available when the society started, more than fifty years ago. There seems to be mismanagement somewhere. The soprano choristers at Exeter Hall are numerous enough, but any one who watches their proceedings will notice that only a few of them do the real soprano work, and that when high notes have to be attacked the soprano forces leave that duty to a forlorn hope of some forty or fifty voices. In the performances of the Albert Hall Choral Society no such defects are visible, and it behoves the Sacred Harmonic Society to set its house in order, unless it be willing to vacate the high position it has for many years held as an almost national institution. The latest performance of *Solomon* does not call for any special criticism, *per se*, but it furnishes texts for serious consideration by those who, like ourselves, are well-wishers of the Sacred Harmonic society, both on account of its past services, and of its capabilities for good.

The choral arrangements of the Society cannot be pronounced satisfactory. We do not allude to the temporary weakness in the soprano department, but to the arrangements as a whole. The chorists, as a rule, sing in tune, and keep time; and these are important qualities, but are not in themselves sufficient. The best kind of choral singing is seldom heard at Exeter Hall, but mechanical correctness appears to be thought more important there than intellectuality and refinement. At the conductor's signal, the choristers sing very loud or very soft, and the necessary

contrasts are secured, but the transitions are mostly too abrupt, and such an effect as a decrescendo is seldom realised. The musical lights and shades produced under these circumstances resemble those of Oriental regions, where the sun sets with such suddenness, that one moment it is daylight, and the next it is night. We miss the poetical beauty of the twilight. The numerical strength of the choir is by many good judges believed to be a positive disadvantage. A body of 700 choristers is too large for such a building as Exeter Hall, and much better choral results would probably be obtained if 400 of the best singers were selected, and were taught to think of the words they had to utter. At present there is often a painful contrast between the dignity of the lyrics and the unintellectual manner in which they are roared out. Any person of musical taste would rather hear Handel's choruses sung by Mr. Henry Leslie's admirably trained choir than by a thousand choristers who lacked refinement.

The organ also is too prominent in most of the Sacred Harmonic Society's performances. Mr. Willing is an able organist, but is bound to obey his instructions, which are, apparently, to play his loudest when the band and singers are producing their loudest. With so large a band there can be no necessity to use the full power of the organ, nor is it likely that Handel, when he improvised his organ accompaniments, ever tried to drown his singers and orchestral players.

The conductor, Sir Michael Costa, has long enjoyed a high reputation as a *chef d'orchestre*; his beat is decided and intelligible, he knows and sometimes respects the traditions of oratorio, is a rigid disciplinarian and an accomplished musician. The Society could not at the present time obtain a better conductor, but he might conduct better. As director of the musical arrangements at each performance, he must be held responsible for the defects of style in the choral singing, the unnecessary noise made by the organ, and above all, the unwarrantable liberties taken with the scores of great composers, by the intrusion of instrumental effects, and even of musical passages, not to be found in the original works thus subjected to adulteration. Not content with the volume of sound produced by the band, organ, and choir in the choruses of *Solomon*, Sir Michael Costa chose to introduce in several places an ophicleide and three trombones, and the result was at times absolutely painful to sensitive ears. If he is enamoured of noise, let him introduce as many trombones as it may please him into the score of his next oratorio, but let him leave the works of such men as Handel alone. Mozart and Mendelssohn may have added to the scores of Handel, but it by no means follows that Sir Michael Costa is qualified to do what they did; and although he has written operas and oratorios, it is doubtful whether posterity will think his entire works worth any fifty bars written by Handel, Mozart, or Mendelssohn. Let him be content with the position of conductor when their works are performed, and if he will refrain from endeavouring to improve those works by interpolations of his own, and especially by the introduction of unnecessary brass, he will confer real benefits on a Society in which all lovers of music are interested.

The action or rather the inaction of the committee in declining to encourage the production of original works will probably prove fatal to the society before many years have passed by. Every one must be struck by the absurdity of an oratorio society which does nothing to encourage oratorio writing, and formidable rivals are in the field in the shape of choral societies, which, without assuming the character of "Sacred Harmonic" societies, give better oratorio performances than those which are to be heard at Exeter Hall. If the subscribers were canvassed, a large majority of them would acquiesce in setting aside one of the concerts in each season expressly for the production of a new oratorio. Whether prizes were or were not given, composers would soon become emulous in contending for the distinction of having their works selected for performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the latter might recoup any loss by retaining a certain interest in copyrights.

The foregoing remarks are not prompted by any ill-will towards the Sacred Harmonic Society, in which we take a warm and friendly interest, nor towards Sir Michael Costa, whose great merits as an orchestral conductor have often been acknowledged in this journal. It is precisely because we wish well to the Society that we undertake the thankless task of telling home-truths, which its directors may find it worth while to ponder, and we shall rejoice to find them bent on those reforms which we believe to be essential to the prosperity and stability of the great institution whose fortunes it is their privilege to guide. Respecting the performance of *Solomon*, we have said enough to show what were its leading characteristics, and need only add, that Madame Edith Wynne as principal soprano, and Miss Julia Wigan as second soprano, acquitted themselves well; that Mrs. Patey's beautiful voice was heard to great advantage in the contralto music; that Mr. Guy executed the florid tenor music with fluency; and that Mr. Maybrick sang the bass song in his usual finished style.

### MR. BLAGROVE'S CONCERTINA CONCERTS.

THE concertina is generally employed as a solo instrument, its quality of tone being unfavourable to its employment for orchestral purposes, but Mr. Richard Blagrove, the well-known concertina player, is resolved to assert its claims to higher distinction than it has hitherto obtained, and has recently commenced a second series of ten concertina concerts, to be given at the concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music during the spring. The opening concert was well attended, and a good programme was provided. In addition to the excellent solo performances of Mr. Blagrove, several pieces of concerted music were played by his pupils, and the effects produced by stringed instruments in a quintet by Schumann and a quartet by Mozart, were sought to be imitated by the employment of differently sized concertinas, described as treble, tenor, baritone, bass, and double-bass concertinas. If we are unable to say that the results were entirely successful, we are bound to own that the music was enjoyable, and that there can be little doubt of the availability of the concertina as a substitute for stringed instruments, when the latter cannot be obtained. Mr. Blagrove was assisted by his wife, who is an accomplished pianiste, by his clever pupils, Mdles. Elwell, Chidley, &c., and by Mrs. Weldon and Miss Fairman as vocalists. Mr. Francesco Berger accompanied the songs capably.

### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

On Monday last the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts were presented with the following interesting programme:—

PART I.		
Quartet, in A major, Op. 41 (No. 3)—two violins, viola, and violoncello		Schumann.
Duets { (a) "Liebesgram" } .....		Schumann.
(b) "Botschaft" } .....		Schumann.
Sonata, in C major, Op. 2 (No. 3)—pianoforte .....		Beethoven.
PART II.		
Adagio (Salon Stücke, No. 5)—violin, with pianoforte accompaniment		Spohr.
Duets { (a) "Sang des Vögel" } .....		Rubinstein.
(b) "Wanderer's Nachtlied" } .....		Rubinstein.
Trio, in B flat, Op. 92—pianoforte, violin, and violoncello ..		Schubert.

The first violinist was Mr. Henry Holmes, who proved once more that he is not only a solo player of the first rank, but also a

masterly leader of classical chamber music. His co-labourers in the quartet were Mr. Ries, Mr. Zerbin, and Signor Piatti, and it is needless to say how well it was played. Mr. Holmes played the solo by Spohr (his teacher) in brilliant style, and joined Miss Zimmermann and Signor Piatti in the Schubert trio. Miss Zimmermann played the Beethoven Sonata in her usual finished manner, and the vocal music was charmingly sung by Mdles. Friedlander and Redeker.

The tour of Madame Campobello-Sinico and party has been continuously successful, and all the seats for their concerts at Edinburgh and Glasgow have been taken in advance.

Madame Rose Hersee will return to town in the second week in February.

Mr. Sidney Naylor has organised an English Opera Company, which will commence its operations at Norwich, on Easter Monday.

Signor Campobello is engaged as principal basso in the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, and in Mozart's *Requiem*, at the Brighton Festival; and in Handel's *Messiah*, at the Albert Hall, on the 10th inst.

Ole Bull, the famous violinist, will leave America in April, and sail for Norway.

Eph Horn, the well-known minstrel performer, died recently in New York. He went to California in 1854 with the Christy Minstrels, in 1857 was a clown in a travelling circus, and in 1865 was in England with Dan Bryant.

Madame Christine Nilsson has been appointed chamber singer to the Imperial Court of Austria.

M. Senterre, manager of the Grand Théâtre at Lyons, has made an arrangement with M. Faure for a series of performances after the 8th February.

*La Reine Indigo*, by Johann Strauss, has just been played at Florence with extraordinary success at the Nicolini Theatre.

Sivori, the well-known violinist, recently gave a concert at the Teatro Carlo Felice at Genoa, his native town. The house was crowded, Verdi being among the audience, who gave an enthusiastic reception to the artist.

An amusing fairy piece, *L'Angellin bel verde* (the pretty little green bird) has been revived at the Argentina Theatre at Rome with great success.

Herr Wagner has issued a letter to the committees of the various Wagner Societies, wherein he proposes that they should amalgamate into one general society to be called the "Society of Patrons of the Festival Plays at Bayreuth," with a view to avoid the public sale of vouchers for seats, or of speculation therewith. He wants the new society in the first place to dispose of £5,000 worth of seats amongst its members, and furthermore to make efforts towards obtaining a government grant for another sum of £5,000 per annum, to be set aside for the purchase of free seats to be distributed among persons chosen by the government.

In a remote corner of some lumber-closet, covered with dust and mildew, the manager of the Opera Comique lately came across the good old work of "Cendrillon," and, in presence of the dearth of anything new fit to put before the hypercritical public of the day, M. Carvalho took the wise resolution of reviving it. Its success was as great as it was years ago, before the artificial talent of contemporary composers had eclipsed the genuine musical genius of former masters. The audience seemed quite amazed to find itself applauding such old-fashioned airs as those of Cinderella in the first and third acts, and the duo at the end of the first. The cast is excellent. Nicot sings the part of the Prince with taste and feeling, Madame Franck Duvernoy is the *beau idéal* of a Cinderella both as regards her singing and acting, and the other parts are very creditably filled. "Cendrillon" will certainly have a long run.

The *Neue Freie Presse* describes the first appearance of Madame Nilsson in Vienna as a most unqualified success. Her singing of some Swedish *Volkstlieder* seems to have excited the highest enthusiasm. During the concert Herr Benedix publicly thanked Christine Nilsson for her kind and charitable services, given on this occasion gratuitously in aid of the sick and suffering.

THIS week, a gallant young officer, Mr. Watkin Harold Wingfield, of H.M.S. Newcastle, jumped into the water to rescue, from drowning, the captain of the fore-top, the ship running at the time between eight and nine knots, with a heavy sea on. He was seen to reach the drowning man, and after a short struggle both sank. Two seamen, Hesk and Reed, followed the noble example of their officer, and shared his fate. Mr. Wingfield was only a lad of seventeen, and had once before risked his life to save that of another. Mr. Wingfield's father, Major Walter Wingfield has received from the Lords of the Admiralty a very sympathetic letter, expressing their regret at the loss of so promising an officer.

THE BETTERTON DRAMATIC CLUB.—This club gave its 14th performance and second invitation ball at St. George's Hall on Thursday the 25th ult. The programme was about the best amateurs could select—a one-act costume play and a farce, pieces which non-professional actors may really hope to render with a completeness they can never give to long and difficult comedies or dramas. Tom Taylor's hackneyed, but always charming, *Sheep in Wolf's Clothing* was the opening piece, and it went as well as ever, though everybody had seen it, and though everybody was apparently thinking much more of the coming dance than the present play. Miss Pattie Bell certainly carried off the honours as Annie Carew; she played a very trying part extremely well, and showed power for which previously we had hardly given her credit. It is the best thing we have ever seen Miss Bell do; perhaps, if anything, she smiled a little too much here and there, but we really do not know of any other fault that could be found. Mr. Lewis Lewis seconded her well—a little monotonous in the level passages; when there was any chance of firing up he fully availed himself of it and quite carried the house with him. Mr. Bradbury made a capital Kester, though a very dull audience hardly gave him any encouragement at all in the early part of the play, and Miss Lily Rimbault (quite a little child) played Sybil very prettily. Mr. Byrton seemed hardly at home in Colonel Kirke, but the others were good, except the unhappy gentleman who personated Lord Churchill. After the drama came the event of the evening—T. J. Williams's splendid farce *My Turn Next*, in which Mr. Harry Procter's Taraxacum Twitters far surpassed any amateur performance we ever saw; in fact there are very few professional low comedians who could play the part better. Mr. Procter has certainly found his line—he plays character parts well, but he plays broad low comedy better; indeed, *My Turn Next* was altogether as well acted as at any London theatre it need be. Mr. Bradbury was admirable as Tim Bolus, and Miss Hilda Ford earned very hearty applause as the maid-of-all-work, Peggy; while the other parts were quite efficiently played, (Mrs. Twitters especially), and the whole piece well rehearsed and capitally stage-managed. The proceedings ended with a very pleasant dance.

"YOUR OLD POPULAR MEDICINE, DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS, sells well with us, and gives every satisfaction." Signed, W. Bowker, Chemist, 259, North-road, Preston, January 26, 1877. They instantly relieve all disorders of the Breath and Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, and taste pleasantly. Sold at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[ADVT.]



## THE DRAMA.

IN the theatrical world the chief interest of the week has been centered in the fourth of the series of Shakspearean reproductions at the Lyceum, where, on Monday evening, the play of *King Richard III.*, according to the original text of Shakspeare, with some trifling transpositions and excisions rendered necessary through stage exigencies, was revived with a success which, from the warm acclamations and continuous applause with which it was received throughout by a crowded and eminently critical audience, may be designated as enthusiastic. Besides the adoption of the original text, instead of Colley Cibber's version, which modern playgoers have alone had presented to them, greater interest arose to witness another Shakspearean impersonation by Mr. Henry Irving, who essayed the leading rôle of the Duke of Gloster, and whose impersonation of the cruel and crafty tyrant will be found duly noticed elsewhere, as well as those of Queen Margaret by Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Lady Anne by Miss Isabel Bateman, and the representation generally.

The only novelty of the week has been Mr. Byron's burlesque, *The Bohemian Gyrl*; or, *the Unapproachable Pole*, postponed from Saturday, and produced at the Opera Comique on Wednesday evening. Some minor changes, however, have taken place at two or three of the theatres. These comprise the withdrawal from the programme of the Globe of *Hunted Down*, which on Monday evening was replaced in the bills by Mr. Wallis Mackay's lively little "breezy sketch," *The Way of the Wind*, and a revival, under the altered title of *Squabbles*, of one of the late Stirling Coyne's little comedies, long ago popular as *My Wife's Daughter*.

GAITEY.—At the matinée, last Saturday, Mr. Byron's well-known drama, *Dearer than Life*, which was revived at the previous matinée, was repeated with renewed success, Mr. Toole resuming his original character of Michael Garner, in which for the artistic blending of assumed cheeriness under all his distress, with natural and unexaggerated pathos, this artist is seen at his best. He was admirably supported by Mr. Young as the dissolute and drunken pauper, Uncle Ben, originally created by Mr. Lionel Brough; Mr. Collette as the slangy betting-man, Bob Gassitt; Mr. A. Bishop as the stanch old friend, Mr. Bolter; Mr. Westland as the scapegrace son, Charles Garner; Mrs. Leigh as the much-suffering wife; and Miss Bessie Hollingshead, who played charmingly as Lucy Garner. The revival has been received with such favour as to justify its transfer to the evening programme, which takes place to-night. On Wednesday afternoon, *The School for Scandal* was repeated for the second time, Madame Selina Dolaro again appearing as Lady Teazle, supported by nearly the same cast as on the occasion of her benefit a fortnight since, and then noticed in these columns. The evening programme has remained unchanged during the week.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Richard W. South's first London season closed on Tuesday evening. The last few nights were distinguished by the production of Mr. Henry James Byron's popular comedy, *War to the Knife*, in which Miss Eleanor Bufton, as Mrs. Delacour, sustained the leading rôle with her wonted vivacity, and caused a wish—more than once expressed in these columns as a very general one among the audience, viz.—that she were permanently to be heard and seen on London boards. Miss Bufton was admirably supported by Miss Fanny Hughes as Mrs. Harcourt, and the other parts were generally well played. The pantomime, in which the Payne family and Miss Caroline Parkes appeared, concluded the performances.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—We were wrong last week in speaking of Mr. James Sydney, who has been playing the part of *Orphée* with such remarkable success as "a young American tenor." We should have said, a young tenor from America. Mr. Sydney, who is an Englishman, is about to join the Carl Rosa Company, under whose auspices we hope he may later be heard again in London, where he has made such a good impression in *Orphée aux Enfers*, which does not seem to have diminished in popularity, and is likely to run far into the season.

The morning performances to-day will again be numerous. Besides the usual representations of the pantomimes at the various theatres, a new farce, entitled *A Regular Turk*, will be produced at the Gaiety Matinee, followed by *Our Clerks* and *Let on Parle Français*, supported by Mr. Toole, Miss Farren, &c. *Fazio*, with Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), as Bianca, will be represented for the last time at the Lyceum; *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville; *Peril* at the Prince of Wales's, and *Robinson Crusoe* at the Folly.

Three events are set down for to-night. The production at the Criterion of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's farcical comedy in three acts, entitled *On Bail*, and presumably adapted from *Le Reveillon*, to replace *Hot Water*. Mr. Byron's drama, *Dearer than Life*, revived with such success at the last two Gaiety matinées, will to-night be added to the evening programme of that theatre, and continue for a limited number of representations; and at the Adelphi the successful pantomime, *Little Goody Two Shoes*, represented entirely by children, and hitherto performed in the afternoons only, will be transferred to the evening programme, to be played in conjunction with *The Shraughts*.

The complimentary benefit to, and farewell appearance of Mr. John Parry, take place at the Gaiety, on the afternoon of Wednesday next, under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have graciously signified their intention of being present. The programme will open with Sheridan's *Critic*, supported by a powerful cast, including Mr. Charles Mathews as Sir Fretful Plagiary and Puff; Mr. Maclean as Snee; Mr. Barnes and Miss Litton as Mr. and Mrs. Dangle; Mr. Toole as Don Whiskerandos; Messrs. Terry, Byron and Belleville, as the three beefeaters; Mr. Young as Governor of Tilbury Fort; Messrs. Collette, Bishop, Royce, and Soutar, respectively as Leicester, Raleigh, Hatton and Burleigh. Miss Farren as Tilburina, Mrs. Leigh as confidante, and Miss Vaughan and Miss Henderson as the two nieces. Mr. John Parry will then appear and recall reminiscences of bygone days in a sketch, entitled *Echoes of the Past*, in which he will display his unrivalled and versatile skill in vocal and musical expression and imitations. Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, and Messrs. A. Reed, Corney Grain, and Arthur Law will appear in the popular Gallery of Illustration piece *Charity Begins at Home*, and finally the esteemed benefice will take his farewell in *Goosey, Goosey Gander*, and in a fragment from *Whittington and His Cat*.

## GLOBE THEATRE.

MR. BOUCAULT's drama *Hunted Down* having on its revival enjoyed a fairly successful run here, was withdrawn on Saturday night, and has been replaced in the bills by Mr. Wallis Mackay's clever and amusing little sketch *The Way of the Wind*, produced here a few weeks since, and in which Mr. Beveridge, with great spirit and gentlemanly ease, now sustains the part of the young lover Lieutenant Auster, previously represented by Mr. Barnes; and a revival of the late Mr. Stirling Coyne's interesting two act comedy *My Wife's Daughter*, under the altered and somewhat vulgarised first title of *Squabbles*. The reason for this alteration, especially where the original designation is still retained as a subsidiary title, is not very intelligible, although it may be urged that the piece has undergone some slight variation, and the dialogue, to a small extent, rewritten, especially that allotted to the valet, Gilliflower, who has had

grafted upon him some of those motives of action which sway John Clarke's Moddle in *Hot Water* at the Criterion. The comedy, nevertheless, is essentially the same as that which at once achieved great popularity at the Olympic on its first production some four-and-twenty years ago, when Mr. William Farren (now the aristocratic old "boy" at the Vaudeville) and Mrs. Stirling were the representatives of the young husband and middle-aged wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ormonde; the pretty blonde, Miss Louisa Howard, was the latter's daughter, Clara; the elder Farren and Mrs. Leigh Murray the exponents of the elderly husband and young wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ivyleaf; and Mr. Compton as the self-sufficient valet, Gilliflower. The plot of the revived comedy is simple enough, but a series of ingeniously contrived complications interwoven with it keep the attention and interest unflaggingly sustained through the two short acts, and there are admirable contrasts in the characterisation. Mr. Ormonde, a young man of fashion, to repair his broken fortunes, has married a wealthy but middle-aged widow, who has by her first husband, a grown-up daughter, but whom Ormonde is led to believe, as he has never seen her, is a mere child. This daughter, Clara by name, runs away from the school in Devonshire, where she had been placed by her mother, and seeks her maternal home, where she encounters her step-father Ormonde, to whom she relates her story, and of her having a devoted lover, Charles Asprey, to whom she desires to be united, but her mother is violently opposed to the match. From her inopportune appearance at the house of the newly-married couple arise a chain of complications infinitely amusing. Ormonde is surprised and not less delighted at the charming full-blown ingenue he had supposed to have been a mere child, and promises to gain his wife's consent to her marriage. To carry out this intention before her mother becomes aware of Clara's escapade, Ormonde locks the young lady in his library, and of course is seen doing so by the abigail Rose, who had previously witnessed her master parentally caressing his newly-found step-daughter, and as natural to her class, concludes the young lady to be one of her master's friends of his bachelor days. She immediately informs her fellow-servant and sweetheart, Gilliflower, the valet, of the goings on she had witnessed. Clara is soon visited in her prison library by Ormonde, in company with Mrs. Ivyleaf, the wife of old Mr. Ivyleaf, both of whom are also interested in promoting the marriage of Clara with young Asprey. The next visitor after their departure is Mrs. Ormonde, whose jealousy has been aroused by Rose informing her of her master's supposed intrigue. Clara has stepped into the adjoining conservatory, and Mrs. Ormonde, finding Mrs. Ivyleaf's handkerchief and bag, left by that lady on the library table, at once concludes Mrs. Ivyleaf is the delinquent, and rushes out to seek vengeance. Then Gilliflower enters, and thinking that he may at one stroke do his master a service by taking the lady off his hands, and benefit himself by the "potion," which doubtless his master will gladly give him in return, he at once makes violent love to Clara, and asks her to become his wife. The frightened girl is quickly freed from the rascal's impudent importunities by the timely appearance of Charles Asprey, who kicks the audacious varlet down the stairs, while he himself becomes irate at Clara's apparently equivocal position of being in the library of his friend, Ormonde, and leaves her for ever. The bewildered Clara again takes refuge in the conservatory, when Mrs. Ormonde returns, bringing with her Mr. Ivyleaf to convince him of his young wife's infidelity. Ivyleaf is on the point of breaking open the door communicating with the conservatory, where he is led to believe Mrs. Ivyleaf is concealed, when Ormonde and all the others enter the library, and all misunderstandings are cleared by Ormonde leading forth Clara from the conservatory. Mrs. Ormonde gives her consent to Clara's marriage with Asprey, whose groundless suspicions are removed, as well as those of Mrs. Ormonde and Mr. Ivyleaf, and the valet Gilliflower pairs off with Rose, receiving as a wedding present the perambulator which Ormonde had purchased as a surprise to his wife, for as he supposed, her little child, Clara. The characters throughout are very well sustained by Mr. Beveridge and Miss Dolores Drummond as Mr. and Mrs. Ormonde, Mr. Edwards and Miss Rachel Sanger as Mr. and Mrs. Ivyleaf, Miss Murielle as the young ingenue Clara, and Mr. Barrett, whose pompous gravity and assumption of decorum as the impudent Valet Gilliflower were depicted with great humour and finished art. Mr. Planché's extravaganza, *The Invisible Prince*, with Miss Jennie Lee's brightness and vivacity as Leander, and her cleverly executed Dutch song and dance, and Mr. Barrett's genuine burlesque acting and topical song of the "Old Game," still forms the pièce de résistance, and has lost none of its well merited popularity.

## OPERA COMIQUE.

Mr. Byron's new burlesque extravaganza, *The Bohemian Gyrl*, and *the Unapproachable Pole*, was produced here on Wednesday evening, in succession to *Little Don Cesar*, withdrawn on the previous night. Reserving a detailed notice, which the more than ordinary merits of the new burlesque demand, we must for the present limit ourselves to recording its brilliant and well merited success. The smooth, flowing rhymed dialogue bristles with sparkling conceits, genuine jokes, and smartness, freer than usual, from mere word and syllable torturing. The action, closely following the leading incidents of the original libretto of Balfe's opera is brisk and lively from its genuine burlesque treatment, and plentifully interspersed with bright and appropriate songs, choruses, and dances, the music of which is composed, selected, and skilfully arranged by Herr Meijer Lutz. The mounting is liberal and in good taste, the costumes exceedingly picturesque and elegant, while to these merits of author and management must be added the unsurpassable excellence of the whole representation. Miss E. Farren as Thaddeus, the unapproachable Pole, "the sole prop of an ancient line," was more graceful, mercurial, and vivacious than ever, singing and dancing with, as usual, untiring spirit and equal enjoyment, encored in all her vocal and terpsichorean essays, and looking prettier than ever in a series of gracefully designed and picturesque costumes. Mr. Terry as Devilshoof, "another good costermonger gone wrong," who, constantly kept "moving on" by the police, has become an exile from his native land, St. Giles's, is irresistibly funny and humorous. His impersonation, too, is wholly different from his other burlesque assumptions, being altogether free from the jerkiness of style which hitherto seemed habitual to him. Mr. E. W. Royce again displays his artistic burlesque ability as Count Smith, otherwise Arnim, whose great wit seems to arise from no one being inclined to listen to his ditty of "The Heart Bow'd Down," which he is ever attempting to sing, but is never allowed to get beyond the first bar or two. Miss Kate Vaughan acts, sings, and dances with exceeding grace as Arline, and Miss M. West lends effective aid and looks well in her picturesque costume as the Gipsy Queen. All the artists, as well as the author, were recalled at the conclusion, and *The Bohemian Gyrl* promises to be the greatest success of the season.

FOLLY THEATRE.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who only arrived last Saturday afternoon from a few days shooting sojourn at Eastwell Park, Kent, honoured this theatre with his presence in the evening to witness the performance of *Robinson Crusoe*.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and suite honoured the Prince of Wales's Theatre with their presence on Friday evening last week, on Tuesday evening attended the Criterion, and on Wednesday night were present at the Folly.

Morning performances of *Our Boys* will be given at the Vaudeville to-day and next Saturday.

A second morning performance of *New Men and Old Acres* will be given at the Court next Saturday, the 10th inst.

A new piece entitled *A Night Surprise*, written by West Cromer, the music by German Reed, will be produced at the German Reed's entertainment, St. George's Hall, on Monday week, the 13th inst.

Mr. Charles Mathews will re-appear at Easter at the Opera Comique in a round of his favourite characters, under the management of Mr. John Hollingshead.

We are sorry to say that Mdlle. Fanchita met with a sad accident at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. In the ship scene of *Sindbad* she received a blow from a ladder which caused a terrible shock to her nervous system, and which, after a week, developed into irritation of the spine. She is now confined to her bed, and it will be some time before she can play again. No blame is attached to any one, as the person who inadvertently struck Mdlle. Fanchita wore a huge pantomime mask, out of which he could hardly see.

February 17th is the date fixed for an amateur dramatic performance of considerable interest. It will be given in aid of a charity, at the Opera Comique Theatre, and amongst the aristocratic and distinguished amateurs who will perform on this occasion, will be the Hon. A. Sebright, Mrs. Monckton, Captains Gooch and Lacy, Messrs. Palgrave Simpson, MacLaine, Dundas Gardiner, Bolton Rowe, Arthur Achwabe, Bingham, and others. The pieces selected are *A Comical Countess*, *Art and Love*, an entirely new *comédie de salon*, by A. W. Dubourg, author of *New Men and Old Acres* and *Tears*, a translation from the French by Bolton Rowe. Places may be secured of Messrs. Lacon and Olier, New Bond-street, or at the Opera Comique Theatre, Strand.

Whilst performing at the Plymouth Theatre one night in the present week, Mr. T. A. Palmer, actor and dramatic author, was seized with paralysis. His condition is considered serious.

The *Sporting Gazette* says there is a very good reason for the attacks on the Terry family which have appeared in *Truth*. In the revival of *Pygmalion and Galatea* at the Haymarket Miss Marion Terry was cast for Galatea, and Miss Henrietta Hodson, who aspired to that rôle, was forced to be content with the part of Cynisca.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have graciously signified their intention to honour with their presence the performance to be given at the Gaiety Theatre on the 7th proximo for the benefit of Mr. John Parry.

We made a mistake which must have been so trying to somebody's vanity in our biography of Miss Leighton, that we are anxious to correct it. We say she appeared in 1864, whereas we should have said 1874, which makes an appalling difference of ten years. We may moreover note that it was on May 1st, 1874, Miss Leighton made her appearance as Julia in *The Hunchback*.

Let it not be forgotten that at the stage door of Drury Lane, and at 95, Strand, tickets may be procured for Miss Harriet Coveney's benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 22nd and 23rd inst.

## MISS CLARA JECKS.

THE young lady whose portrait appears on our front page this week opened her very promising theatrical career in July, 1873, at the Opera Comique in Burnand's *Kissi Kissi*. In the same year she played with brilliant success a round of soubrette parts at Drury Lane during the autumnal season, and in the Christmas pantomime of that year (E. L. Blanchard's *Jack in the Box*) she sustained admirably a prominent position, distinguishing herself especially by the graceful ease of her dancing. Her re-engagement by Mr. Chatterton for the same house, in which she is now filling the rôle of "Eureka," the principal Peri in that highly successful pantomime *The Forty Thieves* brings us to the end of our brief professional biography.

Miss Jacks in addition to her talent as a versatile and clever actress, full of those attractively varied qualities which would render her widely popular in a dramatic entertainment of the Miss P. Horton's style, is a brilliant pianist, an accomplished vocalist, and generally a very finished musician. She has studied singing under Madame Helene Greiffenhagen (the only living pupil of Signor Marco Bordogni), and has a very pretty mezzo-soprano voice of excellent quality.

## THE MARGATE POULTRY AND BIRD SHOW.

OUR artist's sketches from the above show, which passed off with so much success, will be identified by the following list and numbers:—Pigeons: 1. Mr. R. Thornton's first cup prize (Dragon); 2. Mr. R. Thornton's first prize (Owls); 3. Mr. L. G. Morrell (Fantails), highly commended; 4. Mr. G. Ashbee, first prize (Jacobin). Canaries: 5. First prize (Canaries); 6. Mrs. Hammond's Aviary Canaries. Fowls: 7. Mr. E. F. Davis (white Poland Cock); 8. Mr. Sandford (Silkies), highly commended; 9. Mr. W. Hamilton (Spanish), first prize; 10. Mr. F. Cheeseman, first prize cup (Dorking); 11. Mr. E. F. Davis (Hamburg), highly commended; 12. Mr. C. W. Hammond (Spanish), second prize; 13. Mr. E. F. Davis (Brahmapootras), commended; 14. Mr. G. Ashbee (buff Cochins), highly commended; 15. Mr. J. Hart's (grey Geese), second prize; 17. Mr. F. Hanson, first prize (Rouen). Prize list numbers, corresponding with drawing.

## SKETCHES FROM A BOHEMIAN FISHERY.

THE article prepared to accompany this sketch of lake fishing in Bohemia is unfortunately crowded out by the now almost chronic pressure on our space. We must therefore trespass upon our readers' forbearance for a week's delay.

## A WRESTLING BOUT IN THE ALPS.

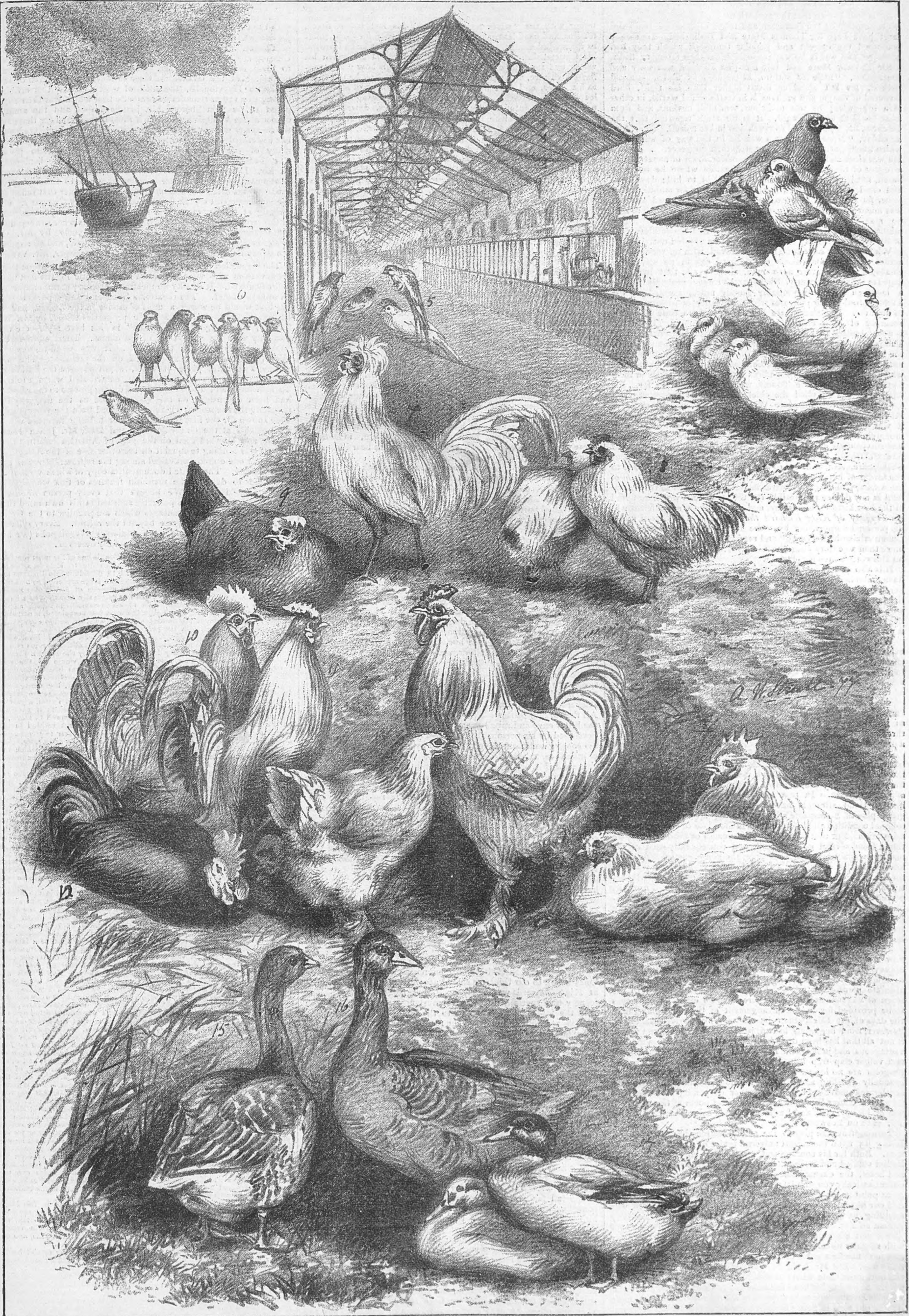
THE Tyrol, with its mountains, lakes, glaciers, dark pine forests, waterfalls, and other picturesque charms, is so well known to modern tourists that the scene our artist has so cleverly realised may be no strange one to many of our readers. But to untravelled Englishmen of the athletic persuasion, the rude, odd style of wrestling our Tyrolean athletes are engaged in will be strange indeed. It strikes us that Johnny Graham would be "nuts" on any such opportunity as would be offered by either of the muscular wrestlers who "gather" each other in a style which would render one of his famous cross-buttocks a speedy termination of the play. Whether or not kicking is part of the conflict, we cannot say. We should hope not. Those boots look "quite too" formidable. It is evident, however, that the style borders more on the Lancashire or Devon than it does on that which is in vogue at the Agricultural Hall or elsewhere in the metropolitan district on a Good Friday. The attitude of the two combatants is more suggestive of a rough "catch-who-catch-can" than either a pretty swinging hipec or a scientific flying mare.



# Humours of the Past Month, January.







SKETCHES OF PRIZE WINNERS FROM THE POULTRY AND BIRD SHOW AT MARGATE.



## SHAKSPEARE'S "RICHARD THE THIRD" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

It is well known that the authorities Shakspeare consulted for his conception of the character and reign of Richard the Third must have been Sir Thomas More and Holinshed. He simply embodied the current and popular traditions which they had accepted, and was in no way responsible for their falsity or truth.

Sir Thomas More had told him that Richard was witty and courageous, "little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crooked backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard favoured of visage, and such as is in states called warlike, in other men otherwise; he was malicious, wrathful, envious, and from afore his birth ever froward. It is for truth reported that the dutchess, his mother, had so much ado in her travail," &c. And he added, "None evil captain was he in the way of war, as to which his disposition was more metely than for peace." . . . He was close and secret, a deep dissembler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly companionable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; despitous and cruel, not for evil will always, but often for ambition, and either for the surety or increase of his estate. Friend and foe was much what indifferent; where his advantage grew, he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose." How minutely this description has been realised in the deathless story of Shakspeare's mighty tragedy need not be pointed out.

Whatever may have been said, or proved, with reference to the actual character and deeds of Richard can in no way affect Shakspeare's character as a man, despite all that has been urged to show the contrary. Shakspeare's tragedy probably maligns a monarch who was probably grossly misrepresented by the Tudor chronicles for purposes which no reader of history can fail to discover. But Shakspeare himself lived in a time when the accuracy of such chronicles was never disputed. Holinshed is now admitted to have been an unscrupulous partizan of the Tudor dynasty, and it must not be forgotten that the earliest of the historical accounts of Richard's life and reign were not printed until after the accession of Richmond, when stories and reports which enlisted popular prejudices and feelings, directly or indirectly, in favour of the Tudors, were greedily sought for. He whose writings supplied the chief materials for succeeding historians, moreover, Polydore Virgil, wrote by express order of Richard's great enemy and successor, Henry VII., at a time when it was urgently necessary to give popularity to the reigning monarch, and blacken the character of a man whose popularity had survived his death, and of whose cause numerous true and powerful friends with desperate adherents were still existing. But Shakspeare, although he doubtless attached due importance to the favour of her Tudor Majesty Queen Elizabeth, as a patron of the drama, had no such motives in view, and cannot in fairness be held in any degree responsible for the calumnies which he found in the best histories of his day, and embodied so magnificently in his *Tragedy of King Richard the Third*, as it was acted under his personal supervision by "the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants," and read by the public in 1597, little more than a century after the bloody death of the real Richard on Bosworth's memorable field.

It is also probable that in writing this play Shakspeare may have embodied in it traditional circumstances distinctly remembered by many who had received them from eye-witnesses. Indeed, it has been conjectured, with much probability, that his wife's grandfather fought on the side of Richmond on Bosworth field (then called Red-Moor), and was afterwards rewarded with a post at court as groom of the chamber.

When Colley Cibber restored *Richard III.* to the stage he was evidently thoroughly familiar with those three other great chronicle plays of *Henry VI.* which are really part of and lead up to it. He found the character of Richard very powerfully developed in the last two of these great works, and two of the Duke of Glo'ster's most significant soliloquies in the last one, the action of which is continued in the play bearing Richard's name. These facts led him, perhaps, into the mistake of regarding *Richard III.* as imperfect alone, and as it was impossible to run the two or three plays into one for representation on a single evening, he tried a process of curtailment and patching, which resulted in a tragedy vastly inferior as a refined and finished work of art to the original, but with stage advantages sufficiently powerful to win its enthusiastic acceptance by actors, managers, and playgoers, from the time of Colley Cibber down to that of Henry Irving, a space of just 167 years. In that interval, however, two or three half-hearted timid attempts have certainly been made to restore this great play of Shakspeare's to something approximating to its original condition and re-establish it in the place of Colley Cibber's adaptation. But that business from one cause or another, or, as we think, from several causes, failed, and consequently each of the managers concerned fell back upon the more popular and better known version of Colley Cibber. Hence, it has been reserved for Mr. Henry Irving to win one of the greatest Shakspearean triumphs of dramatic history. *King Richard the Third*, as played on last Monday night at the Lyceum Theatre, was emphatically Shakspeare's, and as emphatically was its production a grand and complete success. From the rising of the curtain until its fall the applause of an audience the greatest actor might have been proud to play to was enthusiastic and frequent.

The tragedy thus triumphantly vindicated is not however even now reproduced in its original form. There has been much abbreviating, transposing and introducing of new business: partly as a matter of more or less questionable judgment, partly to meet absolute necessities arising from conditions unknown to the stage of Shakspeare's time. There were no elaborate set scenes to be provided for in the arrangement of time and dialogue in the days of the Elizabethan dramatists. The revived tragedy is, however, from beginning to end, purely Shakspeare's, and much, if not all that has been done by Mr. Irving is unquestionably advantageous and judicious. Freed from the comparatively trivial and vulgar clap trap introduced by Colley Cibber, its stages of progress are no longer a series of jerks, but the grandeur of a gradually swelling and beautiful harmony, culminating with ever accelerated movement and with ever deepening interest, until its natural climax is reached, and the grand poem of the great civil war of bloody York and Lancaster, which commenced in *Henry VI.*, ends on Bosworth Field.

Turning from the play to the actors, we may heartily wish Mr. Irving joy upon the almost universal praise he has most worthily won. Both for his courage and for the scholarly spirit in which he has studied and realised, even in the minute details of action and habit, the character he personated, we can very honestly and enthusiastically congratulate him. But he completely misses one great point in the character of Richard, wherein both Shakspeare and our historians, old and modern, are agreed. If Richard was anything, he was by universal consent a brave and enthusiastically gallant soldier. "None evil captain was he in the way of war," says More, and Shakspeare has emphasised this view of his character with singular force. Even Cibber thoroughly realised this point, and took needless pains to render it more prominent than it originally was. But Mr. Irving, in the last two acts, and especially in the last, grew tame where he should have become most fierce and fiery. Shielding his head from the chilly air of a night in August with his ermine cape as he stepped to the door of his tent, was more like an old woman going from her fireside to inspect her hen roost than the hardy, comfort-scorning, war-tried, sternly-enduring

soldiers of Richard's rude and hardy times. History depicts him riding from Nottingham Castle against Richmond, upon his superbly caparisoned milk-white charger, with the banner of England borne before him, and with innumerable pennons glittering with the "silver boar," to fight his last battle, fierce, fearless, and confident, his army covering the road for three miles as it marched along. At Tewkesbury and Barnet he had proved his fearless, daring, danger-loving nature, and at Bosworth his valour was no less conspicuous. Grafton tells how "being inflamed with ire, and vexed with outrageous malice, he put spurs to his horse, and rode out of the side of the range of his battle, leaving the avant guards fighting," galloping from his post of safety into the very ranks of his foes, determined to end the fearful strife by a personal conflict with Richmond. He was followed by Brackenbury, Catesby, Ratcliffe, and numerous other devoted friends, and forced his way almost to the spot on which Richmond stood, dealing blows right and left, slaying the earl's standard-bearer, and bringing to earth one of the most powerful knights of the time, Sir John Cheney. He fell at last, after performing prodigies of valour, overpowered by numbers, fighting on foot in his heavy armour, and disdaining flight even when Catesby contrived to get him "another horse," crying, "Not one foot will I fly so long as breath bides within my breast, for, by Him that shaped both sea and land, this day shall end my battles or my life. I will die King of England." One by one his friends fell, until his standard-bearer and himself alone remained. The latter had his legs cut from under him, and, falling, yet held erect the standard of his lord, who fell at last, amidst a heap of slain, "stricken," as the Croyland historian tells, "with many mortal wounds," and "dying," as he adds, "like a most courageous and most daring prince." So valiantly true a warrior was Richard, and as such Shakspeare depicted him. But there is nothing of "this most courageous and daring prince" in Irving's realisation of the character. The abject terror with which he slides from the couch in the tent scene, and shrinks huddled up at its foot, his head concealed in his cloak as a terrified child's might be under the bed-clothes, and the ghastly horror expressed on his pale face as he peers out of it, has nothing akin to that wild fierce outburst of a desperate, friend-deserted, morally outcast, but brave man who, leaping from the couch under the impression that he is in the midst of savage enemies, cries, in obedience to the one of the strongest impulses of his fierce nature, "Give me another horse—bind up my wounds!" and then realising the full horrors of his conscience-troubled dream, glides into that heart-moving, despairing, marvellous speech which, with feelings of shuddering awe we heard from the stage for the first time on Monday night.

Want of space prevents our dealing more fully with Mr. Irving's otherwise scholarly conception and masterly execution, and we must compress some portion of all we wished to say into but a few more lines. Mr. Irving is made up to look wonderfully like the only original portrait we have of King Richard, which he appears to have copied from Sir John Gilbert's Shakspearean illustrations, although he has in some way caught with wonderful exactness the very trick of the countenance given in the Stafford portrait. The keen, sharp, suspicious glance of the eye, the half-attractive, half-sneering smile, and the careworn, anxious face, are all realised with singular fidelity. The habit Richard had of being in a state of fidgety restlessness, the thrusting down and pulling up of his rings—also chronicled in the portrait—are there, vouching for the care and thought of an actor who commands our best sympathies, even when his odd mannerisms and curious ideas of English pronunciation justly provoke derision. During the first three acts we had no feeling but admiration, and our hands were amongst the most active of the entire house, but in the last two our applause grew faint and fainter, we often shook our sage head slowly with doubt, or emphatically with dissent, and then looking carefully back we came to the conclusion that from the opening speech to the last Mr. Irving had missed one of the strongest and most deeply marked characteristics of the Shakspearean Richard, namely, his thoroughly warlike and fearless nature. All the varying phases of thought and feeling, apart from war, the bitter envy and misanthropical hatred begot of and morbidly developed by his personal ugliness and deformity, the grim irony, the soaring ambition, the cunning and hypocrisy, the wily softness of utterance, and its sudden changes to the stern harsh tones of command, Mr. Irving gave naturally and forcibly without a tinge of exaggeration or caricature, and the entire performance was one of that highest art which exists in the concealment of art, and which cannot but add greatly to his histrionic reputation. Mrs. Crowe's Queen Margaret was as unlike Shakspeare's conception as it well could be. Her hard, harsh, monotonous mouthing of those terrible and prophetic curses was all but grotesque, and every student of Shakspeare and history must have smiled at it disdainfully as a singularly false and stagey conception of that heroic and grandly powerful character. Miss Isabel Bateman's Lady Ann, although a little tame in parts, was one of the most smoothly finished pieces of acting ever seen on the stage; her half fascinated, half terror-stricken expression when Richard urged his passion for her as the sole cause of the crimes he had committed, crimes which he confessed to her only with seeming remorse, reluctance, and the deepest penitence, was one of the finest bits of realistic acting we ever witnessed. Buckingham was excellently played, and the First Murderer (Mr. Mead) was excellent. Clarence pleased us mightily until he delivered the grand description of his awful dream, with faultless elocution, but with none of that shrinking horror expressed in the awe-subdued tones which to our thinking should accompany it. Mr. Beaumont as King Edward was fairly good, but somewhat hard. The scenery was specially fine, but we must now put aside our pen with the intention of returning to the subject in another paper, wherein we hope to deal with the rest of the characters and other features of this glorious triumph of Shakspeare and his friends, over Cibber with his host of long victorious adherents.

**DUCKS IN CALIFORNIA.**—California is a good country for wild-fowl shooting. The Colusa (Cal.) *Sun* speaks of a citizen who bought, the other day, ten kegs of powder for the purpose of having the geese on his place killed. He has ten men constantly at work shooting them. Mr. Clark, who owns a place near Dunigan's, says that the ducks are worse than the geese down there, and they spread over the fields at night and destroy the grain. Farmers there have to keep men out with lanterns at night to scare the ducks away.

We hear it said that an Ulster young lady is making a cloak entirely of partridge feathers. In it will be at least 10,000 feathers of different sizes, the lower portion of the cloak being made of the tail feathers and then ranging up. The breast feathers come next, while the variegated plumage around the neck of the bird will encircle the white throat of the lady. It will require about 100 partridges to fill out the regular course of feathers, which are placed in layers similar to the way in which they grow on the bird. Very pretty such a feathered Ulster may be, but why should a lady make game of herself in this way? Why not send to Belfast for the genuine thing? We would not exchange our own honest McGee Ulster for a score of feather Ulsters. It has kept us dry in the heaviest rain, and warm in the severest cold, and is better for the weather we have lately been favoured with than any other garment ever worn by man or woman in any age or country.

## AT THE GRANVILLE.

VERY recently, when we gave several illustrations of the finest hotel in Europe, probably in the world, we dealt at some length with the varied features of an establishment which must in its particular direction be regarded as the chief attraction of the Isle of Thanet. On Saturday last, upwards of sixty gentlemen left Charing-cross by special train, in response to an invitation issued to them and others by Mr. Edmund F. Davis (the present proprietor of the Granville), their mission an inspection of the miniature Hygeiopolis, the title of which heads this article. Owing to a rather remarkable dramatic trial which was then supposed to be "on" before Mr. Justice Lopes, and the annual dinner of the Whitefriars Club, which had been fixed for that day, the company was not so numerous as it would otherwise have been, but the crowd was nevertheless fairly representative, and included many of the leading members of the metropolitan press. The band of the Grenadier Guards, under the leadership of Mr. Dan Godfrey, occupied a portion of the train of saloon carriages, which latter indispensable aid to the day's proceedings was fitted out and managed in a manner that reflected the greatest credit on the South-Eastern Railway Company. On arriving at Ramsgate, after a run—but momentarily interrupted at Canterbury—of about two hours, the visitors were conveyed to the Granville in carriages provided gratuitously by Mr. G. Wattson (Postmaster to her Majesty), of Ramsgate, and received at the Granville by Mr. Davis and the urbane manager, Mr. Verini.

The inspection of the immense place occupied more time than those visitors who were present at the Granville for the first time had calculated. It was by no means an ordinary scamper over of an ordinary hotel. The theatre, a handsome and capacious edifice that would be worth a mint of money in the Strand, had to be duly admired—and its acoustic properties tested, by Mr. W. Terrott, who sang "Kitty Tyrell" in his best style—ere the company were introduced to the basement. There more unexpected marvels unfolded themselves. It was found that everything (in reason) was manufactured on the premises. The very engine, a beautiful piece of work, which warmed the building, helped to make the aerated waters, contributed warmth to the Turkish baths, and furnishing artificial drying powers to the laundry had been constructed on the spot. Spare us the necessity for repeating the rhapsodies which were elicited from the visitors who were shown for the first time the perfect bathing facilities which are available at the Granville. General Duff, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, and Howard Paul on the part of America admitted that "there was nothing to equal it on the other side of the Atlantic," while only one opinion prevailed among the representatives of the British Press. The printed document, a copy of which we annex, will suffice to describe the manifold features of this wonderfully well-appointed place. We believe that every person who was present last Saturday was perfectly satisfied in his own mind that the chronicler of the advantages which are peculiar to the Granville had by no means gone beyond the record. Every syllable of his praise of the more than miniature Hygeiopolis (we are amending our record, by the way) was fully deserved.

The Granville Hotel, at St. Lawrence-on-Sea, is one of the most remarkable instances of enterprise afforded by modern times. It is an attempt, and, we may add, a very successful attempt to introduce into England the American system of hotel management upon a large scale. The building was constructed, some years since, from the designs of Mr. Welby Pugin, the well-known medieval architect, and was originally arranged as a block or terrace of eight large houses, each of which contained in itself all the requisites of a family mansion. Before the work was completed, it occurred to Mr. Pugin to connect the houses with one another, and to convert the whole into a vast hotel, with the necessary offices in the rear. This was done. But, unfortunately for Mr. Pugin, he found himself involved in heavier expenses than he had anticipated, and was obliged to raise money upon mortgage. The necessary funds were found by the Messrs. Coutts, the eminent bankers, who now own almost the whole of the real estate in the neighbourhood of the hotel. This great house advanced, from time to time, large sums by the aid of which the hotel was completed, Mr. Pugin remaining the nominal owner. Ultimately, the mortgagees foreclosed, and for some years past, the hotel has been the property of Messrs. Coutts, and has been managed for them by Mr. Verini, a gentleman of great experience and knowledge. Out of their hands it passed a few months ago into those of the present owner, Mr. Edmund F. Davis, of St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet, a gentleman who has resided in the island for several years, possesses considerable property in the neighbourhood, and is largely interested in Ramsgate and its prosperity. Arrangements were further made with the Messrs. Coutts, by which the advantages at present offered by the hotel will be materially improved. The building stands almost on the edge of the cliff, but the Messrs. Coutts had obtained from the Board of Trade a long lease of the foreshore, which they have assigned to the present owner, and by the coming season a broad road, now in active construction, will be opened from the beach to the hotel, the sides of which will be lined with shops and gardens, and decorated with pastures of flowers, fountains, &c. On the summit of the cliff itself the spare ground, not only in front of the hotel, but along the whole length of the Coutts estate, is to be decorated with plantations, shrubberies, flower-beds, and ornamental lawns; and the Granville marine drive—as we believe the road from the hotel to the beach is to be called—will afford a winter promenade without its equal in England.

These improvements, however, are not yet fully completed, and it is more important to ask ourselves what are the special advantages which the Granville, as it at present stands, is able to offer. The answer can be very briefly given.

The first great recommendation of the Granville consists in the almost absolute perfection of its sanitary arrangements. Mr. Pugin was something more than a mere architect. He thoroughly understood the principles upon which a house ought to be built, and the Granville, from attic to basement, is constructed on those plans with which Dr. Richardson, the would-be founder of Hygeiopolis, is endeavouring to make us familiar. In the centre of the building is a tall chimney-shaft, like that of a factory, through which the smoke and hot air from all the boilers and furnaces in the building escapes. A ventilating pipe leads from every sewer connected with the hotel directly into this shaft, and thus all deleterious vapours are promptly and completely carried away. Nor is this all. Pure air is not enough in itself. We also want, in wet and unpleasant weather, facilities for unrestrained locomotion. In no hotel in all England but the Granville are possibilities of this kind to be found. To say nothing of the billiard rooms, bowling alleys, and other such places of recreation, the Granville boasts a magnificent hall, one end of which is fitted up as a theatre, and the area of which is larger than that of the dining-hall of Lincoln's Inn, while the pitch of the vaulted roof is considerably more lofty. This noble chamber, which was not commenced till after Mr. Pugin's connection with the property had ceased, was designed by Mr. Wimperis, the well-known architect, and completed under his superintendence. The stage at the north end is devoted to theatrical and other performances, but during the week the hall itself is stripped of all furniture whatever, and set aside as a winter promenade. Out of it the visitor passes into another hall, of almost equal proportions, which is generally used as a supper room. From this again he will make his way to a succession of bars and restaurants intended for the general public, and from these he will further proceed to the Granville Grand Dining Hall, a magnificent chamber, with stained glass windows, gorgeously decorated, and more especially noticeable for its mantelpiece of carved stone, said to have cost more than £500. This splendid room is used in summer for the purposes of a table d'hôte. In winter, when the weather renders it impossible to attempt the cliff, ladies here find a pleasant carpeted promenade, where they can walk up and down, watch their children play, or even indulge themselves in such minor exercises as la crosse, paume, or battle-dore and shuttlecock. Meanwhile, their husbands and brothers can occupy themselves at billiards, or bowls, or can enjoy a cigar and quiet chat in the magnificent smoking-room at the south-east corner of the building, the windows of which look directly out on to the sea.

Space would fail us to enumerate other objects of interest in this large establishment, such as the kitchens, the aerated water factory, the carpenter's shop, the steam laundry, the open-air marble skating-rink, the gardens, and the subterranean roadway through the cliff to the beach. Two features only remain to be touched upon, the Granville Baths, and the Granville special private express.

The Granville is not only a hotel, it is also a hydropathic establishment upon a most extensive scale. Under its roof is to be found a complete set of Turkish baths, admirably fitted and constructed; a large swimming bath lined with white marble, into which fresh water from the sea is continually pouring through a lion's mouth in a full cataract; and, lastly, an unrivalled series of medical or hydropathic baths, including douches of every kind and variety, medicated baths, vapour baths, and, most important of all, the ozone bath—a delicious couch of freshly-gathered seaweed, in which the patient drinks in ozone, iodine, and health at every pore. To test the capabilities of the Granville in this especial respect, we need only say that at a



minute's notice, the visitor can have at his pleasure a swim in salt water, or an ordinary bath of either salt or fresh water, hot or cold, or a shower bath of either salt or fresh water, hot or cold. Should he want something more unusual than this, such as a Russian vapour bath, or a mustard bath, or a needle sitz, he may possibly have to wait ten minutes.

Lastly, the present owner has made arrangements by which every Friday a special Private Express train, in connection with the Granville Hotel, leaves Charing Cross at 3.45 p.m., and Cannon Street at 3.50, arriving at Ramsgate at 6 o'clock. A return express leaves Ramsgate at half-past eight on the Monday morning, and reaches Cannon Street at 10.45, and Charing Cross ten minutes later. The public has hitherto not been slow to avail itself of the advantages thus offered, and it is hoped that before long "The Granville" may become a favourite Sunday resort for wearied Londoners.

Mr. Byron Webber occupied the chair at the banquet. The toasts were "The Queen and the rest of the Royal Family," "The Visitors," proposed by Mr. R. Williams, and responded to by General Duff, of the United States army, and Professor Wanklyn.

In returning thanks to the toast of "Prosperity to 'The Granville,'" proposed by the Chairman,—

Mr. Edmund F. Davis said,—"Gentlemen,—I thank you all very sincerely for the hearty and friendly manner in which the toast of the prosperity of 'The Granville' has been received. That it has given me great pleasure to see you here to-day I need not say. The gentleman who proposed the toast has spoken of the property in very flattering terms, and I only hope that time may fulfil his kind and friendly predictions. In a large establishment of this kind, everything depends on the manager, and I am satisfied that there is no man in England so competent at this moment to occupy the position held by my friend, Mr. Verini, as is that gentleman himself. He knows Ramsgate and its neighbourhood thoroughly; he is acquainted with the requirements of its visitors; and like the great Greek hero, Ulysses, he has travelled much, and has visited the cities and learnt the manners of many nations. I am satisfied that under his management The Granville will prove a success. You, to-day, have seen the establishment for yourselves, and as I am not putting it up to auction, I will say nothing about it. Perhaps, however, you will forgive me if I assure you that I have not taken this property into my hands as any 'speculation' in the ordinary acceptance of the term. I have lived in the Isle of Thanet for many years, and I hope to live here for many years to come. Its prosperity and welfare interest me, and when I found that the recent owners of The Granville (Messrs. Coutts and Co.) were willing to part with their property, I resolved to take it, and to see whether I could not, as our American cousins say, "run" it in such a way as to benefit not myself only, but the town and its neighbourhood. In this endeavour I think I may hope that the experience, energy, and ability of my friend Mr. Verini, and of the lady who divides his labours, will enable me, if not to command success, at any rate to deserve it. Trouble and, if I may be allowed to say so, money will certainly not be spared; more especially, I shall endeavour—and I hope I shall succeed in the attempt—to provide the town, and with it, of course, the Hotel, with increased railway facilities. Of the commencement of the Granville Special Express you are of course aware. That train, however, is but an experiment, and I hope will be merely the beginning of greater things. It is always difficult to return thanks for yourself, or reply to gentlemen who have wished prosperity to undertakings in which you are concerned. I can only thank you very heartily for the kind and generous wishes expressed by the gentleman by whom this toast was proposed, and again assure you of the great pleasure it has been to me to see you here to-day. Many of you are old friends of my own, but believe me all are equally welcome, and the present occasion—although I will not say it in the hackneyed parlance that it is the fondest moment of my life—is, at any rate, one which I shall never forget, and the recollection of which will always give me a very sincere pleasure.

The following programme of music was performed by the band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey:—Selection, "Barbe Bleue" (Offenbach); valse, "Christine" (D. Godfrey); fantasia on Scottish National melodies; glee, "The Chough and Crow," (Sir H. Bishop); selection, "Trial by Jury," (Sullivan); valse, "Isidora," (D. Godfrey); fantasia, "Les Prés St. Gervais" (Lecocq); galop, "Il Corricolo," (De Graub).

The Saturday evening entertainment at the Granville concluded the proceedings of the day. At this, a concert, Miss Thornton, of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Mr. Arthur Mathison, and Mr. Walter Pelham assisted. It is unnecessary to say that the flexible voice and florid execution of the lady vocalist, both in her solos and the duet which she sang with Mr. Mathison, created a most favourable impression. Mr. Mathison's "Little Hero," as well as his other recitations and songs, told, as they always do tell, with an English audience. Without, however, being invidious we may say that Mr. Pelham made the hit of the evening by a display of his inimitable powers of mimicry.

#### SALE OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

A large number of persons attended at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-Yard on Thursday afternoon, for the sale of Her Majesty's Opera House, held for terms expiring at Michaelmas, 1891. Mr. F. T. Galsworthy (Chinnock, Galsworthy, and Chinnock) wielded the hammer, and before asking for a bid, stated that the building was rebuilt from its foundation ten years ago, and that the theatre in dramatic seasons would hold 2,353 persons, and in operatic seasons, 1,673 persons. He described the premises minutely, and pointed out that the theatre, with its appurtenances, was held on an underlease granted to Mr. Benjamin Lumley, and now held by the Earl of Dudley, for terms of years expiring on the 29th of September, 1891, at rents amounting to £1,934 14s. per annum. The theatre occupies a site of 24,280ft., and in rebuilding it cost something like £60,000. The first bid was £10,000, followed in quick succession by £15,000, £16,000, £17,000, £18,000, £18,500, £19,000, £20,000. The auctioneer stated that the Globe Theatre, situated in such a beggarly street as it was, brought in a rental of £2,500 or £2,600 a year. The biddings slowly advanced from £20,000 to £21,000, £22,000, £22,500, £23,000, £23,500, £24,000, £25,000, £26,000. In answer to a question, Mr. Galsworthy stated that he should sell at £26,000 if there was no advance. No advanced bid being made, the auctioneer knocked it down to the gentleman who made the last offer, but he immediately declared that he had misunderstood his instructions and had gone farther than he was authorised. A hubbub arose in the room, several people requesting the auctioneer to hold the bidder to his offer, others desiring that the property should be again offered for sale. To this latter request the auctioneer declined to accede, and on application he obtained the name of the purchaser, Mr. Nagle, of the Alhambra Palace. That gentleman, however, declined to sign the contract, and left the room, Mr. Galsworthy remarking that he should have to consult Lord Dudley's solicitors as to what course he should adopt.

The polo and hunt fancy dress ball for the western and midland counties took place on Wednesday night, at Cheltenham, under auspices of the International Gun and Polo Club, several masters of hounds, and the leading county families. There was a numerous and brilliantly dressed company. The Assembly-rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion.

#### CRICKET, AQUATICS, AND ATHLETICS.

OWING to the very meagre amount of information of which I am this week possessed, and the unusually depressed state of the sporting world in particular, I am afraid that my notes in this issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will be not only short, but, I regret to add, of but little interest. Thanks, however, to the timely arrival of the mail from Australia and New Zealand, *via* San Francisco, which was delivered in London on Wednesday, I am enabled to give the results of two more cricket matches played by Lillywhite's team in the antipodes. The first contest was between the eleven and fifteen of New South Wales, and is described "as the finest display of cricket and the best contested match ever played in Australia." The colonials ultimately won by two wickets, they scoring 81 and 151 (for twelve wickets) against 122 and 106. Charlwood and Emmett in the first innings were the two highest scorers, and in the second Ulyett and Greenwood. Bannerman and Spofforth in the first venture of the N.S.W., and Bannerman and Evans in the second distinguished themselves, the last named especially, by obtaining 35, the highest contribution in the whole match. Since then, the eleven have visited Newcastle, where they played against twenty-two of the "Northern District," whatever that may mean. In this match the representatives of the old country proved successful by 75 runs. Small contributions on either side was perhaps the only feature worth noticing. At the close the figures read thus: England, 96 and 77, total 173; Northern District, 31 and 67, total 98.

As was anticipated by nearly all who "know B from a bull's foot," the much-vaunted match between the American walkists, O'Leary and Weston, had advanced on the lucas a non lucendo principle by standing still. True it is that a contemporary holds £200 a-side for their 500 mile walk, and has done so for some weeks, but beyond the first deposit and the signing of a long rigmarole of buncombe, nothing more has been done towards furthering the match. Whether or no we shall eventually hear of the matter advancing a stage or being snuffed out like a tallow candle with its accustomed bad odour, is at present quite beyond my ken. Howes, who lately defeated O'Leary during the week succeeding Christmas, has written what I may term a very warm letter to *Bell's Life*, in which he says that "the Americans are not what they have been represented," (sic) "since Weston has refused to walk 500 miles for the £1,000 which was in the hands of another paper and I have also defeated O'Leary in a 300 miles match, being over 30 miles in front when he retired, and O'Leary having defeated Weston by 51 miles in a 500 miles match in Chicago, I think there can be no doubt who is the champion of the world." By this, of course, he means himself. Further on he says "if any gentleman doubts 500 miles being walked in six days, let him kindly place the Agricultural Hall at my service, and I will show to the public of this country how to do that which the Americans have failed to do, or any distance they profess to have accomplished. England has to be beaten yet." Do the above extracts call for any comment from me? The offer, or challenge I may almost call it, seems straightforward enough and of a bona fide character, and should, I think, in all fairness meet with a response, but as the Scotch boy said, "I hae ma doobts."

Mentioning the Agricultural Hall puts me in mind that Leon, the Mexican or Texan horseman, will attempt to ride 600 miles in fifty hours, commencing on the 8th of February, and ending on Saturday the 10th, at the above-mentioned place. On this occasion he will make use of ten English thoroughbreds, and not his stud of mustangs. The task will not be so easy as it perhaps appears on paper, inasmuch as he will have to ride round twenty-eight rather sharp corners in each mile. Allowing him the ten hours for sleep, which he intends to take, he must average fifteen miles an hour to complete his self-imposed journey.

Athletics, like the other various branches of sport, have been very dull of late, and there is really little or nothing to chronicle. As only one day of the Worcester College sports, at the time of writing, has taken place, I shall defer details until next week, by which time my Oxford correspondent will have furnished me with a budget of news relative to the different meetings at that University. At present I must confess to ignorance as to the merits of the candidates for "their blue," but they have now no excuse for being backward in their training, as the new ground is open for practice, and they do not have to go two miles before they can get a run, as they used in the days of Marston. All they want now is the services of some experienced "ped" to get them into form, and although Cambridge had the start of them as regards getting into condition for athletics—last term being a very busy one at Fenner's—and almost a blank at Oxford, I do not despair of seeing the Dark Blue at the head of the poll in the forthcoming struggle for the coveted odd event at Lillie Bridge, or wherever else the committee of the two clubs will elect to hold their annual tournament.

At both Oxford and Cambridge the University crews are now in full practice, although strict training will not commence until Ash Wednesday. Cambridge have at present the advantage of having now entered upon their third week of rowing together, while the Dark Blues were very late in getting a crew together. On Monday last, however, the Oxonians went down the river for the first time, with their boat manned in somewhat like orthodox style, but of course the different men for the different thwarts are not yet finally decided on. At present the places are occupied as follows:—Miller (Exeter), bow; Cowles (St. John's), 2; Stainton (Christ Church), 3; Grenfell (Balliol), 4; Stainer (St. John's), 5; Mulholland (Balliol), 6; Pelham (Magdalen), 7; Marriott (Brasenose), stroke. In spite of the shortness of the time in which the crew have been rowing together, latest advices inform me that they give their "coach" every satisfaction at present. May they continue to do so all through the piece. I have not taken the trouble to strike an average of their weights, but I am told that it is about 12st. 2lb. throughout. Cambridge, it is probable, will not have the services of Shafto, their last year's stroke, but this seems to be of little moment, as they have found an excellent substitute for that important post in the person of Prest, of Jesus. As might be imagined, from their greater length of practice, they are rowing in wonderfully good form already, and promise ultimately to prove as good a crew as that of last year.

A very hollow scullers' match for £50, between W. Burgoine, of Hampton Wick, and Joe Cannon, of Kingston, took place over the championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, on Wednesday. Cannon, who is about 3st the heavier man, had the benefit of the advice of no less experienced a mentor than Harry Kelley. He also rowed in the same boat in which Trickett won the championship, while Higgins looked after Burgoine, on whom odds were at first laid. The contest itself, however, calls for little description, as by the time "the Point" was reached, the Kingston man was nearly half a dozen lengths ahead, and without ever being pressed, Cannon won in, what in racing parlance is called, a hand canter, or in other words, by fully 100 yards.

In billiards, the only thing moving is the forthcoming match between Joe Bennett and Tom Taylor, on a championship table,

and although I have nothing further to add to my previously expressed opinion, I see no reason to depart from my former selection. From Australia, I learn that J. Roberts, jun., lately defeated Carine, in a game of 1,000 up, the latter being in receipt of 600 points start. Eventually Roberts, whose chief break was one of 308, won by 99 points.

EXON.

#### ACCEPTANCES FOR THE SPRING HANDICAPS.

##### CHESTER MEETING.

The CHESTER TRADES CUP. Cup Course (nearly 2½ miles). 92 subs, 32 of whom pay 5 sovs. each.		
9 3 Rosebery, 5 yrs	6 11 Newport, 4 yrs	6 3 Touchet, 3 yrs
8 0 Controversy, 6 yrs	6 11 Escort, 5 yrs	6 3 St. George, 4 yrs
8 4 Hampton, 5 yrs	6 10 Stamfordham, 5 y	6 2 Alphonso, 4 yrs
8 2 Umpire, 4 yrs	6 10 Fairy King, 5 yrs	6 2 Fly Flash in the
8 2 Snail, aged	6 10 c by Uncas—Fry	6 2 Fan—Juliet, 4 y
7 11 Woodlands, 5 yrs	back, 4 yrs	6 0 Temple View, a
7 10 Pageant, 6 yrs	6 9 Bay Final, 5 yrs	6 0 Adamite, 3 yrs
7 10 Claremont, 5 yrs	6 8 Murrumbidgee,	6 0 Glory, 5 yrs
7 8 Blantyre, 6 yrs	4 yrs	6 0 Highland Laddie,
7 5 John Day, 4 yrs	6 7 Lauzun, 4 yrs	4 yrs
7 5 Organist, 6 yrs	6 7 George, 4 yrs	6 0 Euterpe, 4 yrs
7 3 Clonave, aged	6 7 Duplex, 5 yrs	6 0 Collingbourne, 3 y
7 3 Footstep, 4 yrs	6 6 Kosbach, 3 yrs	6 0 Rossini, 3 yrs
7 0 Grassendale, 4 yrs	6 5 Sir Robert	5 9 Sallier, 3 yrs
7 0 Wizard, 5 yrs	Clifton, 4 yrs	5 7 Kino, 3 yrs
7 0 Distinction, 6 yrs	6 5 Charles Edward,	5 7 Victoire, 3 yrs
7 0 Herbertstown 5 y	4 yrs	5 7 Columbus, 3 yrs
7 0 Miss Lizzie, 4 yrs	6 4 Warrior, 3 yrs	5 7 Constantine, 3 yrs
7 0 Admiral Byng, 4 y	6 4 Grapeshot, 4 yrs	5 7 Hemlock, 3 yrs
6 13 Perkin Warbeck,	6 4 Scotzka, 5 yrs	5 7 Dumbarnie, 3 yrs
5 yrs	6 3 Ebor, 5 yrs	5 7 Restorative 3 yrs
6 12 Innishowen, 5 yrs	6 3 Lady Glenlochay,	5 7 Sans Reproche,
6 12 Dukedom, 6 yrs	4 yrs	3 yrs

##### EPSOM SPRING MEETING.

The GREAT SURREY HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 200 added. About 5 furlongs. 65 subs, 23 of whom declared forfeit.		
9 10 Trappist, 5 yrs	7 7 Warren Hastings	6 5 Belphebe, 3 yrs
8 10 Coruleus, 5 yrs	3 yrs	6 4 Kingsclere, 3 yrs
8 9 Slumber, 6 yrs	7 6 Robin, 5 yrs	6 4 Queen's Own, 3 y
8 4 Middle Temple, a	7 6 Coronella, 4 yrs	6 4 Glance, 4 yrs
8 2 Chaplet, 5 yrs	7 5 Mediator, aged	6 4 Granada, 3 yrs
8 0 Allumette, 4 yrs	7 5 Haumbur, 4 yrs	6 0 Bonfire, 3 yrs
8 0 Camembert, 4 yrs	7 2 Killicrankie, 5 y	6 0 Cinderella, 3 yrs
7 12 Rosinante, 4 yrs	7 0 Town Crier, 5 yrs	6 0 Lord George, 3 y
7 12 Inglewood Ran-	7 0 Sharpshooter 4 y	5 13 Queenie, 4 yrs
ger, 6 yrs	6 10 Sutherland, 4 yrs	5 12 St. Anthony, 3 y
7 10 La Sautouse, 5 y	6 9 Midlothian, 3 yrs	5 9 Quickstep, 3 yrs
7 9 Monaco, 5 yrs	6 7 Tribute, 3 yrs	5 9 Gin Sling, 3 yrs
7 9 Chevron, 3 yrs	6 7 Grandee, 3 yrs	5 9 Galton, 3 yrs
7 7 Medora, 4 yrs	6 6 Polly Craven, 3 y	5 9 Miss Mannerling,
7 7 Telescope, 5 yrs	6 6 Saltier, 3 yrs	3 yrs

The PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES, a handicap of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 200 added. About one mile. 64 subs, 23 of whom declared forfeit. [The highest weight accepting being 8st 10lb, it has been raised to 8st 12lb, and the others in proportion.]

8 12 Coruleus, 5 yrs	7 5 May Day, 4 yrs	6 6 Laure, 3 yrs
8 4 Julius Caesar, 4 y	7 2 Sailor, 4 yrs	6 5 Queen Mary, 3 y
8 4 Camembert, 4 yrs	7 2 Balbriggan, 5 yrs	6 4 Bay Julia, 3 yrs
8 3 Allumette, 4 yrs	7 1 Queen Gladys 4	6 4 Don Carlos, 3 y
8 2 Tartine, 5 yrs	yrs	6 2 Hyndland, 3 yrs
8 1 John Day, 4 yrs	7 1 St. George, 4 yrs	6 2 Strange Lady, 3
7 10 Levant, 4 yrs	7 1 Lord Maldon, 4 y	yrs
7 9 Vril, 6 yrs	7 1 Margarita, 4 yrs	6 2 Trommel, 3 yrs
7 9 Glacis, 4 yrs	6 11 Plaisante, 3 yrs	5 12 Wild Basil, 3 yrs
7 9 Zee, 4 yrs	6 11 Helena, 3 yrs	5 12 May Morning
7 9 Conductor, 5 yrs	6 11 Hoya, 4 yrs	colt, 3 yrs
7 5 Gloucester, 4 yrs	6 9 Queen's Own, 3 y	5 12 Central Fire, 3 y
7 5 Bruce, 3 yrs	6 6 Atholstone, 3 yrs	5 11 Corsair, 3 yrs
7 5 Warren Hast-	6 6 Hidalgo, 3 yrs	5 11 Chesterfield, 3 y
ings, 3 yrs	6 6 Sandwell, 3 yrs	5 11 Spec colt, 3 yrs

##### NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

The NEWMARKET HANDICAP of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and 3 only if declared, &c., with 400 sovs added. The last mile and a half of B.C. 47 subs, 19 of whom pay 3 sovs each to the fund.		
9 7 Rosebery, 5 yrs	7 0 Professor, 4 yrs	5 11 Doucereuse, 3 yr
8 3 Lord Gowran, a	6 13 Masquine, 4 yrs	5 10 The Cheateah, 3 y
7 13 Coltness, 4 yrs	6 12 Madeira, 4 yrs	5 10 Restorative, 3 yrs
7 12 Enguerraude, 4 y	6 10 Cornbrook, 5 yrs	5 7 Vesuve, 3 yrs
7 12 John Day, 4 yrs	6 10 Liris, 4 yrs	5 7 c. by Parmesan
7 11 St. Leger, 5 yrs	6 9 Lauzun, 4 yrs	—May Morning,
7 7 Altgraf, 5 yrs	6 9 Ebor, 5 yrs	3 yrs
6 6 Gavarni, 4 yrs	6 7 Cerberus, 4 yrs	5 7 c. by D'Estour-
7 4 Prince George, 4 y	6 5 Euxine, 4 yrs	nel, dam Thera,
7 0 Admiral Byng, 4 y	6 0 Leopold, 3 yrs	by the Duke, 3 y
7 0 Morning Star, 4 y	5 11 Hidalgo, 3 yrs	

##### BIRMINGHAM STEEPLECHASES.

The BIRMINGHAM GRAND ANNUAL HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 200 added. About three miles and a half. 42 subs, 24 of whom declared forfeit.		
12 7 Congress, aged	10 11 Austerlitz, 5 yrs	10 7 Sparrow, aged
11 9 Master Mowbray	10 11 Capitole, by Le	10 6 Craven, aged
aged	Sarazin—Ca-	10 5 Remus, aged
11 8 Ratcatcher, a	pucine (bred in	10 0 Rodborough, a
11 6 Lucy, aged	France), 6 yrs	10 0 Abdallah, aged
11 5 Reugny, aged	10 9 Chiblain, aged	10 0 Cagebrook, aged
11 0 Solicitor, by The	10 9 Lord Colney, a	10 0 Lady Christiana,
Lawyer, aged	10 8 Despair, aged	5 yrs

##### CROYDON FEBRUARY STEEPLE CHASES.

The SPRING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 15 sovs each, 5 ft in case of acceptance, with 200 added; 14 miles over six flights of hurdles. 50 subs, 25 of whom declared forfeit. [The highest weight accepting being 12st 2lb, it has been raised to rest 7lb, and the others in proportion.]		
12 7 Slumber, 6 yrs	11 7 Bridget, 4 yrs	11 5 Régénérateur,
12 3 g by Wamba—	11 5 Marvellous, a	6 yrs
Truth, aged	11 5 Roland Graeme,	11 4 Old Fashion, 6 y
12 1 Middle Temple,	5 yrs	11 3 Helsthorpe, 6 y
aged	11 5 Quick March,	11 3 Lovely Thais,
12 1 Crinoline, 5 yrs	aged	4 yrs
12 0 Birbeck, 6 yrs	11 5 Duplex (late Le	11 1 Victorious, 5 y
12 12 Melrose, 5 yrs	Shah), 5 yrs	10 12 Princess Bon-
12 12 Chiblain, aged	11 5 Rufta, aged	bon, 4 yrs
11 10 Halifax, 4 yrs	11 5 Euxine, 4 yrs	10 12 Dulus, 4 yrs
11 7 Sempstress, 6 y	11 5 Teuton, 4 yrs	10 12 Debonnaire, 4 y

AGE is, indeed, as "a lusty winter, frosty but kindly," to the veteran Earl Bathurst, who, though eighty-six, has during the past week, not only been able to entertain a large and distinguished circle of friends at his Wiltshire seat, but also to accompany them to the cover-side. This is capital form for one who is now nearly the oldest peer, though Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, another marvel of staying power, beats his lordship by three years, and Earl Russell, ready as ever, no doubt, to take command of the Mediterranean fleet, is well up.—*Atlas*.

THE following gentlemen are the officers of the Oxford Unity Chess Club for the next season:—President, Mr. C. Tracey (Lincoln) (re-elected); vice-president, Mr. R. A. Germaine (Brasenose); treasurer, Mr. E. T. Crosse, B.A. (Exeter); secretary, Mr. W. Gattie (Christ Church). The club meetings will take place at the Mitre Hotel, on Wednesdays and Fridays, at 8 p.m.





PUPPIES AT HOME.



ON GUARD.—(*A Sketch from the Life.*)



## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

IN my humorous little effort last week in this place, anent the *Queen of Connaught*, I fell into an error, not of serious gravity, but sufficiently unaccountable to demand correction. Mistaken identity would seem to be a sort of fatality with me. Since I begun my brilliant literary career, I have been losing so constantly my own, that it is not to be wondered at if occasionally I confound the identity of others. And I will be bound, dear reader, that if you were to trouble your head with guessing the owner's name of the hand that writes these lines, you would be sure to get it mixed up somehow. This, however, is advantageous to me rather than otherwise. I believe in the anonymous veil of journalism. It gives readers an opportunity of clothing their favourite writers (of whom I flatter myself I am one) with imaginary graces of person which the test of material acquaintance would oftentimes roughly dispel. The Frenchman's aphorism that "the style is the man himself" does not hold water. I know more than one extremely elegant writer who is rudeness and vulgarity incarnate. Therefore in respect of the "Fourth Estate" 'tis better soothing mystery should prevail than harsh identification. In relation to the open stage of the theatre, however, I hold quite an opposite opinion, which makes me anxious to set right my little mistake of last week. To estimate this importance to actors and other stage people of journalistic accuracy in ascribing credit where credit is due, one has only to glance at some of the naïve communications which lend such grace to the correspondence column of the "Era." I had a trilling theatrical experience myself too that taught me sympathy on this score. Once upon a time it was my misfortune to be part author of a very diverting piece (from the



French, of course), and to my share of the work I need hardly say I brought all that profound experience and practical energy which, &c. Behold, when it was produced not only playbills but newspapers, cruelly ignoring my proper and patriarchal patronymic deliberately insisted upon christening me *John*. I awoke one morning from those dreams of dramatic glory in which adaptors from the French so freely indulge to find my dear identity dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision. And to all my appeals for fame or profit was hurled back the vulgar, but in this case most expressive retort, "Not for Joseph." Having learned such a lesson then of the bitterness of losing one's identity, I am now more anxious to correct such an error as crept into my otherwise accurate survey of the *Queen of Connaught*. To make the matter short, let me at once say that the strong situation at the end of this ridiculous drama is not made by Randal Dooneen but by Anthony Dunbeg, the homicide, and the actor who displays in it such dramatic force and intelligence is not Mr. Arnold but Mr. Flockton. Indeed, this clever actor's performance once or twice almost redeems the play. Among the many admirable performances of Mr. Flockton I do not remember one so forcible as this.

It had been my intention this week to write about a drama which is as strong and well-knit as my last week's subject is weak and washy. I mean *The Danischeffs* at the St. James's. I waited until this interesting play was restored as nearly as possible to the original form before I noticed it, and now I have not left myself the space necessary, and must therefore still further postpone this duty. I may remark in passing, however, that the scene in Osip's hut is restored with what vast improvement upon the first state of the English adaptation of *Les Danischeffs* it need hardly be said. The play is now altogether the best drama that

has been seen on the London stage for many a day. That the cast is not absolutely satisfactory is no more than might have been expected. Yet even this is unusually excellent. At another time I will deal fully with the performance, contenting myself at present by observing that *The Danischeffs* does not draw large audiences to the St. James's; there must be something in what people say about certain houses being "unlucky."

The quantity of burlesque now to be witnessed within the short span from the Gaiety to the Strand Theatre is well nigh appalling; and most of it is of the real old-fashioned doggrell-grinding, pun-



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forcing sort. *William Tell* re-Told at the Gaiety, wherein the excruciating Toole and the energetic Collette endeavour to pound mirth into the dullest and most depressed of mortals. At the Opera Comique the *Bohemian Gyrl*, an audacious resurrection of the most variable and familiar of the author's own terrible word twistings, backed up by the best burlesque dancing I have



The Invisible Prince

ever seen (of which I hope to say more another day).—At the Strand Theatre, the *Lying Dutchman*, a farrago of nonsense which comedians worthy of much better work vainly strive to render amusing, and at the Globe Planché's graceful extravaganza the *Invisible Prince* turned into a frame-work for the buffooneries of a Christmas pantomime, all of these productions make it evident that the general managerial mind in this part of the town

is of opinion that the majority of playgoers are best pleased with performances that make no appeal to their intelligence. Excepting at the Strand Theatre, where Mr. J. S. Clarke exerts his peculiarly laughter-moving powers in the outrageous farces *Among the Breakers* and *Toodles*. At all the other houses I have mentioned, the first piece, call it comedy or what you like, is of secondary importance to the burlesque which follows it. Indeed, the manager of one theatre is apparently so much impressed with the futility of first pieces that he has removed a melodrama of Boucicault's, and replaced it by an old two act farce that is not worth the paper on which it is printed. I allude to the manager of the Globe, and Mr. Edgar Bruce's latest grand "revival" at this theatre cannot be said to possess remarkable brilliancy of dialogue or interest of plot. The late J. Stirling Coyne wrote a good many stupid pieces, but, I suppose, none more inveterately dull than *My Wife's Daughter*, which has just been revived at this theatre under the somewhat misleading title of "*Squabbles*, a comedy, by S. Coyne." I cannot imagine by what process of judgment any manager, catering for a Strand audience, could select out of the thousands of old pieces on the same list with it so unpromising a specimen as *My Wife's Daughter*. Because, although Mr. Bruce has been gradually diminishing his dramatic staff, there are still, at least, three thoroughly competent and experienced artists retained whose abilities are completely obscured by being relegated to the performance of such scenes as those of *Squabbles*, by S. Coyne, namely, Miss Dolores Drummond, whose very artistic rendering of Hortense in the version of "*Bleak House*" lately produced at this theatre at once proved the soundness of her training; Mr.



Mr. G. Taylor in the "Lying  
Dutchman"; a sketch from the  
Halls

Beveridge, who is quite too good for farce; and Mr. George Barrett, who is fit for comedy of a more humorous kind. One or two of Mr. Bruce's people have "amateur" expressed in every line of their countenances and every movement of their bodies. This sort of thing at a—well, Bijou Theatre would be pardonable enough; but the Globe is a place where something more is to be expected beyond second-hand stock dramas from Lacy's list, and awkward novices who may be full of promise, but require some of the ease which only experience teaches, before they are fit to be entrusted with responsible parts.

The verdict in the case of *Metcalfe and Wife v. Wigan* will not surprise those who have studied the case. The legitimate use of privilege is always to be defended. The abuse of privilege always deserves punishment. Privilege in this case was abused, and the damages awarded the plaintiff are by no means excessive.

THE Théâtre Lyrique has in rehearsal an opera by Willen-Bordogni, which was to have been called *Le Chanteur Florentin*. But a work bearing the same name—words by MM. Alfred and Edouard Blau; music by M. Duprato—having been played a few years ago at the little house, the Fantaisies-Parisiennes, M. Vincentini has decided that the title of the new opera shall be changed.

ONE of the supernumeraries in Victor Massé's opera of *Paul et Virginie* was fined by the stage manager for not being black enough for a negro, who then made the discovery that the man he had fined was a negro.

A MEETING has been held in Birmingham to decide upon the scheme for a local marine aquarium. Three plans were considered, and the meeting unanimously adopted the second, associating with the aquarium a large hall, in which organ performances, concerts, and other forms of entertainment could be given. The capital required will be £60,000.



## REVIEWS.

*A Year in Western France.* By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.  
London: Longmans and Co., 1877.

ANYBODY taking up this work in expectation of finding any information on the trout streams and wolf-hunting in Brittany, or reading of the *Derobé* or *Ronde*, dances sacred to La Vendée and Brittany, will be disappointed. In fact, the author's instincts are not sporting or dramatic—she is one who would minutely describe the Pyrrhic phalanx, but ignore the Pyrrhic dances. That she does not travel with her eyes shut the following quotation from Chapter I. proves:—"A little way off the line of bathing huts were a party of men disporting themselves in Adam's dress; boys of all ages were also bathing on the rocks as unceremoniously as if they were on a desert island, and what with one thing and another, 'the human form divine' might be as profitably studied at Les Sables d'Olonne as on a wrestling-ground of Ancient Greece."

She loses no opportunity of attacking priests and nuns. Of the latter she observes:—"In spite of their exquisitely white hoods and neck-handkerchiefs, nuns must of necessity be as dirty as human beings can well be, seeing in what abhorrence they regard the notion of stripping naked to perform daily ablutions."

Throughout the work she gives evidence of belonging to the advanced school of thought, and in describing country life in Anjou, evidently sympathises with her host and hostess, of whom she remarks—"My friends, Monsieur and Madame G., are Republicans of the most liberal type, and practice in their lives a purer, loftier kind of socialism than was ever invented by St. Simon or Fourier."

The following sketch of their Socialistic mode of life sounds strangely to our more conservative ideas. "On the morning after my arrival my host and hostess gave a breakfast party, which, as being wholly unique in my experience, I will describe as accurately as I can. The guests were five in number, namely, two small farmers, a carpenter and his wife, and a bright lad, son of one of the former. All were exceedingly neat and well dressed, the cultivators in blue blouses; the carpenter in a black coat, his wife wearing the pretty white coiffe and Quakerish costume of the country, viz., black dress, leg-of-mutton sleeves, worked chemise, and little muslin shawl. Now nothing could exceed the good breeding of these guests, whose hands and faces were as brown as outdoor toil could make them, and who most likely had never travelled twenty miles from their native village. They talked of what was going on in French politics with great animation and intelligence, discussed M. Waddington's educational schemes, the state of affairs generally, and, in fact, were what is usually called good company."

In a kindly spirit of appreciativeness, "Desiré, my friend's man-servant," is thus portrayed:—"Desiré is a pleasant, amiable young fellow, very entertaining when he gets on to the subject of the Franco-German war, in which he served, and very handy, able to drive, wait at table, do a little farming if need be—in fact, turn his hand to everything." As a contrast to this last quotation, she is terribly severe on anything savouring of Imperialism—e.g.:—"The children are first and last, the widow nothing, in the cruel eyes of the French law. The Code Napoléon—framed by a hater of women—has never yet been modified so as to alter a state of things the first Napoleon found desirable." The author is most happy when describing the lovely scenery of La Vendée, or Brittany. The present writer can verify her description of St. Martin's, in the Ile de Ré:—"The steamer stops at St. Martin's, a little town with houses in yellow, brown, and pink stucco, front doors always wide open, showing an inner garden and trellised vines, making breezy shades at every corner. Some of the houses are handsomely built, and remind one of Smyrna. There are flowers on the window-sills, flowers in the doorways, flowers on the roof—something to remind you of summer everywhere. The refreshing aspect of St. Martin's does not end here. The town possesses numerous little squares, groves, and planted walks of lime and acacia, whilst the country peeps in everywhere. The little port, with its pink and yellow walled, green-shuttered houses, and trailing vines, reflected in the clear green sea, is a bit of Venice. An artist would call it 'malerisch,' or 'paintable.'"

The author on such points as the disadvantages of the celibacy of the priesthood, schools of agriculture, science congresses, and kindred lively subjects such as would endear themselves to the supporters of the "Sunday Evening Lecture Society," shows a master hand, and her graphic pictures of scenery may possibly induce many to spend a year in Western France.

*The Garden* (37, Southampton-street, Strand) continues to improve in all its admirably-edited departments, and the illustrations are of the highest class. Having about as much knowledge of the pursuit which old Evelyn used to love as could be gained during a summer afternoon's lounge in the main avenue of Covent Garden, we are perhaps less competent to judge the merits of Mr. Robinson's excellent journal than we ought to be; but this we do know—*The Garden* is from week to week most entertaining reading, while the pictorial embellishments are genuine examples of fine art.

RECEIVED.—"Baily's Magazine," the "Victoria Magazine," the "Gentleman's Magazine," the "Charing Cross Magazine," the "London Magazine," "Chambers's Journal," and "Belgravia"—all for February, with an "Essay on Individual Liberty," by G. Vasey, all of which will receive notice in our next.

THE annual dinner of the Road Club will take place on Thursday, Feb. 8, at 7.30 o'clock. The chair will be occupied by his Grace the Duke of Beaufort.

THE REV. RICHARD COBBOLD, Rector of Wortham, Suffolk, the author of "Margaret Catchpole," and numerous other works, died recently, aged eighty years.

## GOSSIP.

Two letters from different correspondents sent to our contemporary the *Field*, one dated from the southern coasts of Japan, and the other from Besika Bay shows us that the officers of her Majesty's fleet thereabout appear to have been having a very fine time of it. Besika Bay is separated from the genuine mainland by a swamp beyond which rises a belt of undulating hill and valley covered with thick, tall scrub. In the swamp are to be found duck, teal, snipe, and woodcock. On the moorland are bustard, grouse, quail, partridge, and hares, and the hares are of enormous size, ranging from seven to ten pounds in weight. Altogether it would seem that, for a couple of guns, stalking the banks of the Scamander without either dogs or beaters, a usual day's bag is three or four brace of partridges, one or two couple of woodcock, a bustard or two, and three or four hares. Such is the sport in Besika Bay.

THE Nestor of theatrical critics, gives, in the *Telegraph*, a resumé of previous "long runs" at the London theatres, none of which approach that of *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville. "At the time of the first Great Exhibition in 1851, for the first time the playgoer was startled by such announcements as the 154th night of *The Alhambra* at the Princess's, 273rd night of *King Charming* at the Lyceum, and 331st night of *Green Bushes* at the Adelphi, where, however, it must be remembered, the representations had not been counted consecutively. From this period long runs were frequently obtained, and the Exhibition of 1862 especially helped to swell the list, and enable *Peep o' Day* to hold its ground at the Lyceum for thirteen successive months. Mr. Sothorn acted Lord Dundreary at the Haymarket for more than 400 nights when *Our American Cousin* was in the first bloom of its popularity; and the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, at the Olympic, was played uninterruptedly 404 times. The *Colleen Bawn* reached its 278th representation at the Adelphi in the course of the first run. Mr. Craven's drama of *Meg's Diversion* was acted at the Royalty 330 consecutive nights, and at the same theatre Mr. Burnand's burlesque of *Black-Eyed Susan* attained a corresponding longevity. Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedy of *School* maintained possession of the Prince of Wales's playbill for 381 nights, without being once displaced; and *The Streets of London*, at the Princess's, went through an entire season of ten months, and has since been so often revived with renewed periods of lengthened existence, that it may be safely estimated to have been played on 800 occasions in London alone."

AN American contemporary speaking of the demoralization of the Dramatic business in that country, says, "In the history of the theatres and theatrical performances in this city and vicinity, nothing like the present utter demoralisation has ever been witnessed. It has no parallel for a season so near the best in the year. It is stated upon excellent authority that during the past week no one of our theatres paid expenses, and one of the very best houses did not average over 300 dols. per night. Another ran down as low as 25 dols. On Tuesday night, in George Wood's new Third Avenue Theatre, there were just seven persons present at the time appointed for raising the curtain. Four of these were deadheads, and the total receipts were 1 dol. 25 cents. At last Saturday's matinee at the San Francisco Minstrels the receipts were only 15 dols. The audience was dismissed, as Birch and Backus could not crack their jokes for any such price. A benefit at the Academy for the Brooklyn sufferers, with a company of the best singers in America, produced only 150 dols. 'Baba' at Niblo's, and the 'Black Crook' at the Grand Opera-House, both failed, and left the managers and actors in the lurch. The experiences of the temporary companies gotten up to perform on Christmas in suburban cities were similar. At Bridgeport a Christmas matinee produced 1 dol. 50 cents, and an evening spectacle, 80 dols. At Rahway the receipts were less than the expenses, and in other places a similar result ensued. There are hundreds of applications for positions and offers of reduced salaries recorded by the managers."

"APPROPOS of fires in theatres," says "Atlas" of the *World*, "I hear that an exciting and somewhat alarming scene was witnessed at the Olympic Theatre, recently. Miss Ada Cavendish, who, as 'the Queen of Connaught,' has, at a certain period of the performance, to brandish a torch, set fire to Mr. Hill's wig. With her usual sangfroid the popular actress continued her part, cleverly managing at the same time to extinguish the flames that encircled Mr. Hill's broad countenance with the hand she had at liberty. But mischief was still in store for the torch. To go on with her part as if no contretemps had happened, to brandish a 'flambeau' with one hand, and to put out a fire with the other, proved even too much for Miss Cavendish. The torch was forgotten, and in another moment 'the Queen of Connaught's' flaxen wig was crackling in the flames. Mr. Neville rushed to the rescue, and I am delighted to hear that no serious results have proceeded from the accident." The same writer points out that he recently visited the Surrey Theatre, and found that the inmates of the gallery were in a very disgusting fashion most unpleasantly demonstrative of their contempt for better dressed people in other parts of the house, and adds:—"On Saturday night I paid ten shillings to enjoy the performance at that establishment; whether it was dear at the price or no, I cannot say, for within ten minutes I was driven out by— In an unexpurgated copy of *Gulliver's Travels* will be found an outspoken report of the behaviour of the Yahoos, when, secure up a tree, they can show their sentiments for the nobler creature beneath. They do not go quite so far as that at the Surrey, but they nearly approach the limit. That the practice is usual was shown by the remark of an *habitué* behind me, who observed, 'They're at it again!' Mr. Holland, upon an urgent appeal for seats out of range, replied, 'Don't be vexed, dear boy. They do it at Drury Lane and everywhere.' He was pressing in his offer of a 'sky-scraping' box, which had quite superior advantages, but its proximity to the Yahoos did not entice me. No hint of returning my ten shillings was noticed. May the horrible experience profit others! Those who are determined to see the Surrey pantomime at any cost should provide themselves with an umbrella." Surrey audiences were always of the roughest, but they appear to have deteriorated under the management of "The People's Caterer."

A SCENIC artist writing on the subject of accidents on the stage, to a brother editor, says:—"My earliest recollections of theatrical management are that when a Theatre was taken by a gentleman or company, the first thing the manager does is to select the principals he thinks most worthy of managing each department. The acting-manager to see after the interest and success of the undertaking in front of the curtain. The stage-manager to see all carried out as directed by the author of whatever piece he may have placed in his hands to produce. The conductor of the orchestra to find his band, write and select music. The master carpenter to see not only the scenery finished and placed on the stage in perfect working order (when the scenic artist has finished his portion of the work,) but to see all mechanical appliances perfect and safe before the curtain rises for the evening. The scenic artist and property master in their capacity, follow. There is not the least doubt the majority of accidents on the stage, the deaths of poor ballet ladies by fire, and the gauzes catching fire, which often cause the total destruction of many theatres, are principally through the neglect of the master carpenter. There are three departments wherein he must find three trustworthy, steady, sober men; first, the foreman of the flies; secondly, the principal cellarman; and thirdly, the stageman: each of whom has at times twenty men to command in the working of a scene. It is the duty of the master carpenter to see all his men to their posts, and when done and everything safe he should report the same to the stage-manager, that the curtain may rise and the performance commence. Unless this is done it will be impossible to say life is safe on the stage. I cannot understand why the stage-manager (acting or not) should be made responsible for all departments connected with the stage. His work is fully made out and time occupied in his prompt box while the performance is on. We cannot expect him to rush up in the flies or descend the cellar to see all safe any more than we can hold him responsible for the defects of scenery or properties, or make him a cutter-out of dresses."

## STUD NEWS.

At Stanton, on the 20th, Mr. Eyke's Rhapsody, a brown filly by Cucumber, and will be put to him again.

On January 18, at Middlethorpe, Mr. Smallwood's Empress (dam of York and Eber), a chestnut filly by Albert Victor.

At Holywell Stud Farm, Watford, on the 24th ult., Eleonora, by Wild Dayrell, a brown filly by Kingcraft, which has been named *Eleanor II*.

At Warcham's Farm, Sutton-place, Guildford, Surrey, Mr. Alexander's mares have foaled as follows:—January 11, Pillage, a chestnut filly; 14th, Corcordia, a bay colt; 17th, Botany Bay, a chestnut colt, all by Thunderbolt, to whom all will be put again.

At Sandgate Stud Farm, on January 6, Mr. Gibson's Melodious, by Peppermint, a colt by Cathedral, and will be put to Rosicrucian; 13th, Mr. Gibson's Bonnie Katie, by King of Trumps, a filly by The Rake, and will be put to Paganini; 17th, Mr. Gibson's Queen Elizabeth, by Autocrat, a colt by Joskin (brother to Plebeian), and will be put to Rosicrucian; also his Dark Blue, by Oxford, a filly by Favonius, and will be put to Rosicrucian.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey, Jan. 19, the Stud Company's Albatross, a colt by Caterer, and will be put to Blair Athol; 21st, Mr. W. Cowper Temple's Flower Safety, a filly by Thunderbolt, and will be put to Carnival; 25th, the Stud Company's Menace, a colt by Cardinal York, and will be put to Caterer. Arrived to George Frederick:—Jan. 19, Mr. H. J. Baily's Brenda (in foal to Truant).

At Mentmore, Jan. 16, Mr. Combe's Christina, a bay filly by Carnival, and will be put to Macaroni; 17th, Mr. Lant's Sister to Elegance, a chestnut filly by Favonius; 22nd, the Mentmore Stud's Queen of the Vale, a bay filly by Macaroni, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Macaroni:—Prince Soltkyoff's Metier, Lord Falmouth's Lady Coventry and Silver Ring, and Mr. Combe's The Duchess and Christina. To Favonius:—Mr. Combe's Alberta and Fanchette, and the Bonehill Stud's Monica. To Carnation:—The Bonehill Stud's Pompadour.

At Finstall, Bromsgrove, on Jan. 14th, Christmas Fare, by Plum pudding, a brown filly by Favonius, and will be put to Pirate King; 15th, Vicar's Daughter, by Surplice, a bay colt by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again; 21st, Mr. H. Adkins's mare, by Tim Whiffler, out of Honeydew, a brown colt by Paul Jones, and will be put to Cardinal York; Laura, by Lambton, a bay filly by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again; 22nd, Mr. Wadlow's Jeanie Deans, a chestnut colt, by Cardinal York, will be put to him again; 24th, Miss Lizzie, by Oxford, a bay colt by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again; 28th, Hironelle, by Macaroni, a bay colt by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again; 30th, Love Letter, by Ethelbert, a bay colt by Favonius, and will be put to Pirate King.

Sheffield Lane Paddocks.—The following mares have arrived to Adventurer:—Mr. Lyndon's Triviality (in foal to Restitution; Her Majesty's bay mare Merivale (in foal to Prince Charlie), and brown mare Lady of the Manor (slipped her foal); Mr. S. Crawford's Marie Stuart (barren), Bianca (barren to John Davis, Wild Myrtle (barren to Musket), Heather Bell (in foal to Adventurer); Mr. Houldsworth's Miss Marion (in foal to Favonius), Lady Diana (in foal to Adventurer); Mr. Gibson's Reaction (in foal to Queen's Messenger), Teeswater (barren to Holy Friar). Mares foaled:—January 26, Mr. Gibson's Reaction foaled bay colt to Queen's Messenger. January 28, Her Majesty's bay mare Merivale foaled a chestnut filly to Prince Charlie.

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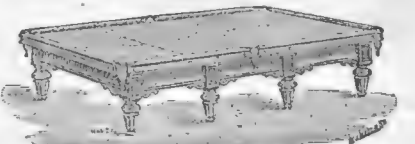
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G. MADDOCK, Junr., at 148, Strand, in the Parish of St.  
Clément Dances, London.—SATURDAY, February 3,  
1877.





A SMUGGLED EPISTLE.



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All advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 148, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

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All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the publisher, at 148, Strand.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

## SPORTING.

M.G.—The Old and the New Sporting Magazines, together with The Sportsman, were in 1839 amalgamated with the Sporting Review.

G. BLACKIE.—The Duke of Bourbon, the last scion of that branch of the royal family of France hunted in an orange coloured coat, but we remember no other instance of the kind. The prince was a mighty hunter, who made field sports his ordinary and daily occupation all through the year. Nothing ever stayed him. Calm or storm, heat or cold, even in his most violent extremes failed to hinder him. Nothing but illness, or business of vital importance kept the last Prince of Condé from the field. His chief residence was at Chantilly.

## DRAMATIC.

W. G. HUTTON.—There can be no doubt about the fact. Shakspeare's King Richard is quite unlike the king he is supposed to represent. All the more reliable facts we have pertaining to his period go, directly and indirectly, to proclaim that the character of Richard has been grossly misrepresented, both by Shakspeare and by the Tudor chroniclers, whose accounts he, like all the rest of his contemporaries, accepted as actual truths. The crimes of Clarence are matters of history. Richard was most active all through the struggle which placed Edward on the throne, he pleaded for Clarence, and succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between him and the king. King Rene's most accomplished, heroic, and queenly, but unfortunate daughter, was confined in the tower at the time when Shakspeare represents her as wandering desolate and broken-hearted in the royal palace of her successor, Elizabeth Woodville. See article on Mr. Irving's Richard and reply to "F. H." At the time Richard is introduced to us in Shakspeare's play he must have been a handsome youth of not more than seventeen years old, and, we are assured, was distinguished by his love of chivalrous adventure and gallantry. He was not born when the great dramatist asserts that he was displaying his evil propensities, and when Clifford describe him as a "foul undigested lump," as "crooked" in manners as in shape, for Eden, Sheriff of Kent, beheaded Cade in 1450, and Richard came "into this breathing world" just two years later. At the battle of Wakefield he was consequently a child of tender years.

O. P.—Our portrait of Miss E. Chapman was taken by the London Stereoscopic Company, from which copies may be obtained.

AMANTHUS.—The manager of the Margate Theatre in 1804, was Mr. Wilmot Wells.

E. V.—The original Lockett in the Beggar's Opera, was Joe Haff, a comedian, of whom the following amusing story is extant. In 1730, when the green-room at Covent Garden was on fire, and a panic arose amongst the audience, the manager, Rich, told Joe to go on and allay the alarm. Joe did so in the following words: "Ladies and Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake don't be frightened—don't stir—keep your seats—the fire is almost

extinguished; but if it was not, we have a reservoir of one hundred hogs-heads of water over your heads that would drown you all in a few minutes." What the effect of a fear of drowning thus brought against the fear of burning was, we are not in a position to add.

E. H.—Colley Cibber was born in 1671. His father, Carus Gabriel Cibber, was a native of Holstein, who came to England some time before the restoration of Charles II. to follow his profession as a sculptor. His work exists on the Monument and in the raving and melancholy madmen which so long decorated the gates of Bethlehem Hospital. His mother was a daughter of William Colley, who came of a very ancient family, which held lands in Rutland and Colley was named after one of her brothers.

## MUSICAL.

A VERY OLD MAN.—Purcell's Opera, *Dido and Aeneas*, was composed when its author was little more than a boy for the purpose of being performed by the pupils of a friend of his, a dancing master named Priest. It was printed for the first time many years after by the Musical Antiquarian Society. It is full of the most impassioned melody, has superb choral harmonies, and contains powerful dramatic effects.

E. F. JONES.—The verses were by Joaquin Miller, they appeared in his "Songs of the Sun Land," and are as follows:—

## DOWN INTO THE DUST.

"Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,  
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?  
Is it worth while that we jar at each other  
In blackness of heart! that we war to the knife!

God pity us all as we jostle each other;  
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel  
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,  
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel  
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey,  
On o'er the isthmus, down into the tide,  
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,  
Ere folding the hands, to be and alide,  
Forever and aye in dust at his side.

Look at the roses saluting each other—  
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—  
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,  
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;  
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble  
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the dust?  
God pity us all! Time e't-soon will tumble  
All of us together like leaves in a gust.  
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust."

J. GRAY asks where he can procure a copy of words and music belonging to an old song, called, "The Deuce a' one but you, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor." Can any of our readers reply?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

F. ABRAM.—The *Tit for Tat* alluded to by Addison, in the *Tattler*, was published for the first time, on the 2nd of March, 1709, under the assumed name of John Partridge, Esq. The papers it contained were termed "delicacies," and it died after the issue of its fifth number. The *Female Tattler*, which commenced in 1709, written by Mr. Thomas Baker, was more successful. Its owner was prosecuted at the Old Bailey for its publication, and its chief characteristics were wonderfully like those which are again coming into fashion, in such publications as the *World* and *Truth*. You will, we think, find some numbers of the *Tattling Harlot* in the British Museum, which also appeared in 1709, on the 22nd of August.

T. G. M. (Geneva).—Your letter was mislaid, or the question you ask would have been answered before. In our opinion, the best book of the kind is one by Mr. Wilkinson, reporter of athletics for the *Field*. We believe the publishers are Messrs. F. Warne & Co. Send an account of the meeting you allude to in your postscript.

F. R. (Washington-street, Boston, U.S.A.)—Want of space must at present be our excuse for gratefully declining your offer. This must also be accepted as an answer by "W. J.," Chicago; "M. L.," San Francisco; and a correspondent who writes from Detroit, but whose letter is not for the moment forthcoming.

ELEN G.—A life of George Romney was written by his son, the Rev. John Romney, from which we learn that his father was a carpenter and joiner, at Beckside, near Dalton, in Lancashire, where the artist was born on Dec. 27, 1734. George Romney was his father's assistant until he was in his twenty first year, when he was articled to a painter named Steele.

OVID.—You will find all you require in one of the most magnificent works of the kind in existence—the first volume of Cassell's "Picturesque Europe," a volume which will delight equally the artist, the antiquarian, the lover of nature and fine scenery, and the general reader.

ALFRED S. K.—We have not been able to ascertain either the date or the particular circumstances to which you allude.

HENRY WHITEHEAD (Elton).—The original of the engraving mentioned in your letter is not for sale.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1877.

In proposing "that no produce stakes, or weight for age race to be entered for as foals, yearlings, or two year olds, shall be open to foreign bred horses, unless specially advertised to be so; or unless such horses were bred in those countries which throw open their races on equal terms to British horses"—Lord Falmouth has spoken with no uncertain sound. It is not as if some newly-fledged member of the Jockey Club, in the spirit of a red hot reformer, had come forward with a proposition inviting such momentous issues; and there is none of that peevish ring about this most saving of clauses which might be supposed to proceed from some jealous veteran of the "Senex" school. On the contrary, we are bound to regard it as the utterance, well weighed and duly considered, of one of our representative sportsmen, in the prime of life and of no inconsiderable experience in racing polity. Lord Falmouth is so thoroughly straightforward, consistent, and sincere, that his opinions are bound to be treated with respect and consideration, and we are all well assured that he would be the last man to permit motives of pique or jealousy to influence his actions. Consequently we may reckon that the motion quoted above has not been framed and promulgated without long and anxious reflection, or without counsel taken of equally conscientious colleagues as to the effect it is likely to produce. The proposition is thoroughly open and English in its character; it goes straight at the object without any incumbrances of circumlocution or diplomatic excuse; and though for certain reasons we might wish that it had not been published exactly at the present season, its appearance in the Calendar is only another proof of desire for plain speaking and intention to take the bull by the horns. In other forms the motion may have come before the public before, but its objects have never been so clearly set forth, as in the simple and curt paragraph before us.

"Reciprocity" is the burden of Lord Falmouth's cry; and nothing can be more reasonable than that it should exist between England and France in their racing relations. Just to encourage our opposite neighbours, we began by alluring them to join in our national pastime upon exceedingly favourable terms, which speedily had to undergo modification, when it came to be seen in process of time that Jack was nearly as good as his master, and that we could no longer hold our own on unequal terms with the once despised Frenchman. Sundry successes at Goodwood first opened our eyes to the awkwardness of the

"situation," but after Gladiateur had avenged Waterloo, without recourse to the "allowances," we were too willing to concede at first; it was felt that we had been caught and finally beaten (though by our own weapons) in the race for superiority as breeders of racehorses. Since 1865 we have been suffering in silence, taking our occasional defeats stoically, and still good-naturedly keeping open our races to horses of all nations, "one down and another up."

We have had knock-down blows from French, Hungarians, and Austrians, but have invariably come up smiling, though faintly conscious of being unable to hold our own any longer against the forces arrayed against us. Though the Grand Prix de Paris has been open to us from the year of its foundation, further concessions to England have not found favour in the eyes of Frenchmen, who close their doors against the very people who were the first to meet them on free trade principles, and show no sign of relaxing the system of protection they have seen fit to retain. Some very plausible excuses have been urged against the possibility of reciprocating our civilities; but each year sees more foreigners intent upon sharing our racing spoils, and latterly they have come almost "in battalions." They purchase our best blood, they crowd our racecourses, they are lavish of entries for all the good things, but let "reciprocity" be only mentioned, and they laugh, shrug their shoulders, and murmur a pathetic "bah!"

Putting on one side, for a moment all other considerations, it must be admitted that anything tending to clear the racing atmosphere of the clouds of mistrust and suspicion which have arisen with regard to foreign successes, must be hailed with satisfaction by all desirous of seeing things done peacefully and in order. No sooner does some alien "star" show conspicuously in the Turf firmament, than all sorts of rumours and insinuations are instantly on the wing, which our countrymen are not slow in catching at, and using as weapons against the intruder. Suspensions as to age are whispered abroad, and it is darkly hinted that we know little or nothing concerning the antecedents of the horses which so effectually take the shine out of our vaunted champions. Failing any proof of such malpractices, at all times a most difficult and delicate matter, and being in a manner compelled to admit our inferiority, we turn our faces to the wall and raise the "deterioration" cry with all our might, one Jeremiah after another rising up among us, and giving vent to his lamentations over the departed glories of the English Turf. Birds of ill omen screech out their dismal forebodings, and gravely inform us that "racing, Sir, is going to the devil," and a few "ancients of the earth," are ever ready with reminiscences of their youth, when such fossilised specimens of the racer as Blacklock and Co. were giants of their age, and England stood alone as a thoroughbred repository, for the simple reason that other nations had not yet borrowed her material to fashion into arms against the mother country. We must all be thoroughly sick of these "falsification and deterioration" cries, and we should hail the adoption of Lord Falmouth's proposals were it only for the sake of hearing them no more, were it not that we are bound to regard the abstract justice of his proposition, lest its hasty adoption should savour too much of the very suspicion and jealousy which have been aroused by the recent successes of foreign horses.

All are bound to admit that, however much the Turf may be leavened by the inclusion among its patrons of men of honour and integrity, a very close watch has to be kept upon other people's actions, and a strict system of surveillance adopted, in order to regulate the administration of racing affairs. The greatest pains are taken carefully to close the doors against false representations and fraudulent dealing, and our policy is to take nothing for granted, but to guard against any possibility of fraud. Notwithstanding all our care and anxiety, however, and the constant battle waged against evil-doers, abuses will creep into the system, and practices prevail which we cannot hope entirely to abate. Seeing then, that this state of things exists at home, we cannot, while giving the foreigners who come among us and share our spoils, credit for all honesty of purpose and fair dealing, bring ourselves to believe that sweeter manners prevail abroad, and we may, therefore, fairly ask that the guests shall for the future stand on a similar footing with their hosts, who provide the entertainment. We know literally nothing of the horses they send over to compete for our prizes, beyond what they choose to tell us; and although a veterinary certificate of age may go some way towards removing doubt and satisfying scruples, we are all of us aware of the difficulties attendant upon these inspections, and the impossibility of ascertaining whether or not the examinees have any advantage in age over their supposed contemporaries. Add to this, that this question has repeatedly found expression, but never yet an answer—how is it that our friends across the Channel succeed in converting second-rate handicap horses and platers into high-class stallions, and in confounding our theories as to the necessity for using only the services of great winners for the reproduction of their species? It cannot all be referred to the excellent material among the mares they have from time to time imported from this country, though this has been adduced as a reason; nor are we inclined to attribute it to the climatic influences, nor the method of feeding and rearing pursued in France and elsewhere.

As to the kind of "reciprocity" aimed at by admitting our horses to compete for Continental prizes, it will be seen that such a measure would hardly solve the difficulty as it now stands, inasmuch as no further guarantee as to age would be forthcoming than at present, and we should but have the poor satisfaction of being beaten abroad instead of on our own ground. The only real system of "reciprocity" we take to be that which opens races to foreigners on similar conditions as to our own people, and might consist of compulsory registration of produce by authorised agents, or of the necessity of foals being dropped in this country, and duly certified as having been born in due time. As to the statement that this anxiety to exclude the foreign element from competition in this country, betrays a lack of confidence in our own power, and wholesome dread of our own weapon thus turned against us, it will be found upon examination to be



utterly rotten and unsound. The answer would be that we are not afraid of any horses which foreigners may bring against us under equal conditions as to age, but that we do not feel justified in throwing open our arms and prizes to competition without the credentials which we consider necessary among our own candidates. There can be little doubt that some such questions as these underlie, and form the real gist of the objection urged upon different ostensible grounds, and it may be as well that we should fully recognise the importance of these in all their bearings. Some action must clearly be taken upon the matter, which after having cropped up again and again in a haunting fashion, but only to be "laid" like a ghost, has at length assumed a more substantial shape, and should command the earnest and impartial consideration of the Jockey Club. We leave it in their hands, trusting in the concentrated wisdom and experience of their body to bring the question to a satisfactory settlement.

## HEATHERTHORP.

### A SPORTING STORY.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

#### CHAPTER III.

SHOWS HOW MATTHEW CRISP PLAYED THE PART OF A TOUT, ADEQUATELY ACCOUNTS FOR DR. SUTTON'S SUDDEN DEPARTURE FROM HEATHERTHORP, AND STEALS SUNDRY LEAVES FROM THE EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE OF MISS WILSON.

It goes against the grain to own that one's hero is mean; nevertheless, a stern regard for truth demands such an admission. Even the sturdy old fellow who in days gone by had officiated as a kind of sporting dry-nurse to the Doctor, and who, because he had taught him the A B C of woodcraft, horsemanship, and cricket, was prouder of him and loved him better than aught else on earth, was almost of my opinion, had detected him in the commission of what he considered an act of meanness. Not that he would have hinted as much to a living soul. Nay, he would have felt excessively disposed to knock that man down who dared suggest anything of the sort within his hearing. As it was, he went to bed oppressed with serious misgivings, and rose next dawn with a face too long almost for the bit of cracked mirror he shaved by. He could not drive the previous night's conversation out of his mind, and, his frequent wont when Kelpie was out of the way, he set about talking the matter over with himself.

"What need he fash himself about this Woodridge; is it for him to care about the jackanape's style, I'd like to know? If anybody had told me Mr. Arthur would ha' done it—why I'd ha' said they lied, that's all. What's a hundred sovereigns?—well: may be plenty to lose—yet, hang it—I have put something away for my keep when I am thrown up and not able to earn it—and I'd ha' stood half the bet myself."

"There's a woman at the bottom of this; a woman with ways that 'd make a Methodist parson forget his class; and Mr. Arthur's just mad. He tramped the room last night like a tragedy-actor."

"Then all this lang-winded rigmarole! As if I could not see through it. It's the knotted end o' the lash that mak's the whip crack: he kept back his orders about this Woodbridge chap to the last."

Crisp's stable-duties terminated, he departed on his mission, designedly lingering on his way at Essom's. He found that brisk little sportsman in the best of spirits.

"Ah! Crisp, is that you? Odd: I have just this moment had the honour of a call from your master, who has promised to play in the match. What do you think of that, eh?"

"H'm," inarticulately replied Crisp.

"We shall have a glorious battle," continued the enthusiastic hon. sec.,—"an engagement worthy of heroes; and, by Jove, we must beat them, too. We are ancient enemies—Shipley and Heatherthorp, and have fought for supremacy for, let me see—six years running. Up to the present it's a tie."

"H'm," negatively remarked Crisp.

"Sir Harry Sursingle has given his patronage—which is pretty good as far as it goes—and has promised to bring a numerous party from the Manor—which is considerably better. Old Wilson is sure to come, for one of the Shipleyites, a rather clever gentleman-player called Woodbridge is visiting at the Place. And it's any odds on old Tim's pretty daughter coming to see the young fellow distinguish himself."

"H'm," grimly observed Crisp.

"But I say, Matthew," queried Essom with a merry chuckle, "what will the cor-rect people say when they behold the Doctor performing in flannels?"

"And who are the cor-rect people, pray?" inquired Crisp.

"Why you know,—the saints, the pharisees,—the brethren. Old Barjona told me no longer since than yesterday 'that he considered Doctor Sutton to be a notably discreet member of his profession,—a youth who was by no means prone to indulge in the sports of the profane.' (Which was a dig at me, you see, Crisp—ha! ha!) Miss Priscilla Cardmums, who is, by-the-by, rising forty, collector and treasurer to the dispensary, manager of the soup kitchen, and the Lord knows what besides—"

"Well," interrupted Crisp.

"Oh nothing," rejoined Essom, with a comic air of assumed indifference—"only she has informed her especial friends that 'Doctor Sutton's devotion to the noble charity (meaning the dispensary) which, under providence, she so unworthily administers, is a rare and beautiful instance of Christian self-abnegation.' Then there's Wobbleton, the pious brewer, and Bell, the Wesleyan pork butcher, they—"

"Psh—aw!" exclaimed Crisp, an expression of scorn overspreading his gnarled features, "Doctor Sutton is yabble to stand it all, Mr. Essom, and have an answer ready for them too if it's required. But I am forgetting my errand. He wants a new bat. Who provides your cricket things?"

"The umpire, Golightly; anybody will tell you where he lives," replied Essom.

It may be questioned whether, if at that moment Matthew Crisp had picked up one of the most precious notes ever issued by the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, the feat would have given him sincerer pleasure than the information imparted by Essom. Crisp and Golightly had been chums years ago: had together played in those famous money matches "a pound a man," which are *not*, alas, recorded in the Chronicles of Lillywhite; had together emulated the bibbing bouts of Tam o'Shanter and Souter Johnny.

"Jack Golightly," muttered Crisp when fairly out of the barber's hearing. "Then it's touting made easy. A strong scent, a straight run, and a sure kill."

The inspirer of this fervid metaphor lived in the heart of a tumble-down wynd alike accessible from the hilly high-street and the side of the river. By profession he was a shoemaker, that is to say, he eked out a livelihood by cobbling cricketers' shoes, sewing cricket-balls, "lapping" bat-handles, and repairing pads. In short, he was a highly useful, if not a precisely ornamental artist in leather and caoutchouc. By inclination, and annual ap-

pointment (to say nothing of inherited right), he was umpire, almost parent, of the Heatherthorp team, but when not engaged with the lapstone or in the cricket ground, he was either poaching, educating greyhounds, following the Heatherthorp Hunt—a foot,—plunging near the source of his native stream in pursuit of the wily otter, or defying snowflakes and bitter nor'-easters in his search for sea-fowl about the sands and marshes of the Wimplemouth. Five years Crisp's elder, Time had dealt gently with him. His hair was white as a gull's breast, but his clear blue eyes yet possessed the sparkle of youth. He was still as straight as a young larch, and though he could not vault over a five-barred gate with the activity of his 'teens, his robust limbs had more nimble endurance in them than folks imagined.

Guided by a curly-headed lad who appeared delighted with the task (for the umpire was extremely popular with the juveniles—Young Heatherthorp regarding him as the incarnation of cricket wisdom), Crisp, after successfully avoiding painful contact with a miscellaneous accumulation of live-stock suggestive of field sports, passed under a lintel ornamented with a caged skylark that was joyously carolling upon a fresh sod, and found himself face to face with his old friend.

"Why Jack?"

"Why Mat?"

And thereupon the floodgates of their eloquence opened, and a stream of homely North Riding talk, pure and undefiled, confluent gushed forth. The worthies had not met for something like a dozen years, so when each had satisfied the other of his movements during that period, both must needs revive old recollections, and, in spirit, handle the bat, "and show how fields were won." No more work for that day. With the sun shining as it always shines in May madrigals, and rarely in reality during the ficklest of months,—knowing there was honest ale to be had "within easy walking distance" (as the advertisers say), it was only natural that the veterans should simultaneously fall mightily athirst. Copious were the amber libations, all a-foam, which they poured upon the shrine of Friendship. What though the floor they trod was sanded, the table they sat by nothing but naked deal, the drinking vessels they lipped the commonest delft, the weed they inhaled a German production, and the churchwardens they smoked—long as a Doncaster hotel-bill in the Leger week—of the most primitive fashion, it was an out-and-out Yorkshire encounter, rough and hearty, and could not have been pleasanter, had it occurred in a palace. When the tales of their youth began to flag, Crisp, remembering his mission, considered it high time to open fire.

"The Doctor," began he,—"I suppose you know he plays for Heatherthorp, John—bade me get him a new bat: one that'll drive, you know."

"Ay," cynically answered Golightly, "and when he's got it, he'll happen want a pair of arms to drive wi'."

"Bide and see," rejoined Crisp, "bide and see. However, you must pick him one that'll suit. And now, tell me, Jack, what kind of a match is this likely to be? Yon barber fellow is up i' the skies about it, and says you'll win; but I was told i' Shipley—"

—this, it may be remarked, was an atrociously wicked fabrication—"that the public will be sure to lay seven to four against you, when they see the Shipley team take the field. And they do likewise say i' Shipley"—fabrication number two—"that a swell colt of theirs, a Mr. Woodbridge, is a wonder."

Golightly smoked on with an expression of ineffable contempt while Crisp was romancing, and then drily observed—

"Mat, have ye lived and knocked about all these summers and winters 'thout knowing that Consate is the worst player of any game that ever toed a mark. Shipley! Woodbridge!—rubbish!"

"But look here, Jack," interrupted Crisp, deprecatingly.

"Don't talk to me," replied his crony, thoroughly roused, "about their clever Mr. Woodbridge. I've seen him play. He came down to the ground yesterday, and got me to fetch him a bowler for an hour's practice. I fettered him with a bowler: one of my colts. He knocked the ball all over the shop."

"Then he can hit," observed Crisp.

"Hit! a' course he can; and so can any bit lad skelp 'em when the bowling's made to order," replied Golightly. "Didn't I tell ye I fettered him with a bowler? He was bound to hit. He could not miss 'em. He did ask me, afterwards, if this colt o' mine, Ashton, was our best form!"

"And what did you say?" interrogated Crisp.

"Say," replied Golightly; "why, yes, 'a course. What should I say? And the lad Ashton is our best form—when he likes. Only you see we had a conversation together, and he didn't like! I think it served Mr. clever Woodbridge right for wanting to spy into the enemy's country. What think ye?"

"Cert'nly," replied Crisp; "but tell me, how does he play?"

"I can tell ye how he doesn't play—and that's with a straight stick," responded Golightly, contemptuously. "He either pulls one to leg, or steps out to a short-pitched one. He's o'er partial to leavin' home for me. I am a long way out of my reckoning if he can stand before some of our bowling."

Hereupon Crisp ceased from touting, and the couple became affectionately convivial. The shades of evening were falling over the town as he trudged off in the direction of the Doctor's residence. The news he carried was of so weighty a nature that it affected his legs, which moved about in a curiously undecided manner. But although his brain might be overweighed his heart was light, and he lifted up his voice in song. Sinister must have been the final hob-nobbing of John Golightly and Matthew Crisp, otherwise the latter would not have informed the peaceable inhabitants of Heatherthorp that the snaring of a hare was his delight on a shiny night in the season of the year. He knew he was rather "gone," and had sense enough to put his head under the pump before venturing into the presence of his master.

The interview was brief, for the doctor speedily discovering the cause of Crisp's unusual garrulity, possessed himself of the information he brought, and dismissed him.

Our hero was up bright and early next morning, and leaving a note for his assistant, Robson, intimating that it would be necessary for him to be absent for a few days, surprised the driver of the Sursingle omnibus by climbing into one of the box-seats of that extraordinary vehicle about three-quarters of an hour before the time advertised for the up-train to leave Heatherthorp station. The impression left with Thomas, the said driver, with old Barjona, who was doing his regular morning constitutional, and with early-rising Heatherthorp generally, was that Doctor Sutton had been suddenly called away to assist at an important consultation; but impressions of the like nature are more frequently erroneous than not, and in the present instance they were very wide of the mark indeed.

To what straits, and into what eccentricities, will not love, morbid sensitiveness, and incipient jealousy reduce a Christian gentleman! He was intuitively certain that his absurd wager with Woodbridge had been made the subject of more than one conversation at the Place; he ground his teeth when he thought that perchance he and his vagaries had given rise to gentle laughter, and—what pray? He might be wrong, but he felt sure that Woodbridge was his rival and no rival should crow over him, therefore he must make a mighty effort to win his bet. He was now on his way to "a public trial" of his cricket capabilities. In plain English, he had induced a friend to include him in an Eleven that was to play at a town some hundred miles south of Heatherthorp, in which contest he had decided to figure incog.

And how fared it with Kate the while? Pleas of pressing pro-

fessional engagements had served to excuse the Doctor from visiting the Place, so she had not seen him since the evening of the wager. This was one annoyance. Crisp, too, kept out of her way, which was another—for she was only a woman, and Blue-beard's wife will never die. Besides, her father had dropped a hint or so about Mr. Woodbridge which she could hardly fathom, but which, nevertheless, gave her a good deal of uneasiness.

This is what she wrote to her dear friend and confidante, Miss Sylvia Vandervelde, daughter of her father's esteemed partner, who was now temporarily sojourning in the gay city of Hamburg.

"Wimpledale Place, May,—18—

"MY DARLING SYL,—I have such a budget of news for you, and serious news too, not gossip, that I scarcely know where to begin. I wish I had your knowledge of what your very German brother would call the philosophy of the human heart—I mean the male human heart of course. But I have not, so its no use wishing. You remember what I told you about that handsome Doctor Sutton who saved my life. Since my last letter he has been a great deal with us; papa likes his society exceedingly; they are on opposite sides in politics and indulge in after-dinner arguments; and I, who am no politician, like his society, too. There, that's the truth, Syl. I know what you will say. Your dear friend, Di Vernon (or Lady Gay Spanker, which am I?) has at last met with a congenial spirit. Nothing of the kind. Doctor Arthur Basinghall Sutton—you see I know all his name—though not quite such a chevalier des dames as that consummate master of the arts of conversation, and charming tenor, your favourite Reginald Woodridge, is a very handsome fellow, and when he likes his manner is exceedingly captivating. And then he can be sensible without being priggish; gay without being flippant. Don't say I am sketching a paragon, my dear, for I am not; I am merely sketching a thorough English gentleman."

"The other evening Woodridge and he met, and—you will scarcely credit it, Syl, but at one and the same second I knew that he loved me and that he was jealous of Reginald! Not that he has ever spoken a syllable to me. I don't think he would dare, unless he were sure of papa's permission—though mind you my darling a papa would matter very little to me in such an affair, if I were a man! He has not even presumed upon the great claim he has to my regard in having saved my life. But on this particular evening, when the gentlemen joined me in the drawing-room, he looked as savage as your brother Albrecht's mastiff. I was vexed with him when I believed I had divined the cause of his annoyance, for I wanted Woodridge to see him at his best."

Well, will you believe it, my dear Syl, we have not seen our Doctor since. I made papa ask him to dinner, but the aggravating thing returned a polite refusal, pleading professional engagements. I had a good cry when his note came. I now hear from my maid Burroughs, who was told it by the druggist, who had it from Robson, that he has left Heatherthorp to attend some stupid consultation."

"From what papa told me this morning at breakfast it seems that Woodridge and the Doctor nearly quarrelled over their wine on the evening he dined here, about a cricket match; and they made a wager about it, quite angrily, papa says. Is not all this annoying, dear Syl? And then papa himself has been worrying my life out about Woodridge. What can he mean? At one time I thought he meant marriage; but you know that would be too absurd."

"Do write soon to your affectionate, but perplexed friend,

"KATHERINE WILSON.

"P.S.—Is it not true that two seasons ago, at Scarbro', where you first met Woodridge, his "attentions" to you were most pronounced? Tell me the truth, there's a dear. And tell me what you would do if you were in my position."

"When are you going to leave that horrid Hamburg?"

(To be continued.)

The Kennel Club have fixed on Wednesday and Thursday, May 2nd and 3rd, for the Field Trial Derby Meeting to be held at Horseheath, near Linton, Cambridge.

On the 27th ult., at the meet of the Thanet Harriers, Mr. Robinson, one of the oldest members of the hunt, suddenly fell from his saddle and was taken up dead; a tragic event which caused the postponement of the meet.

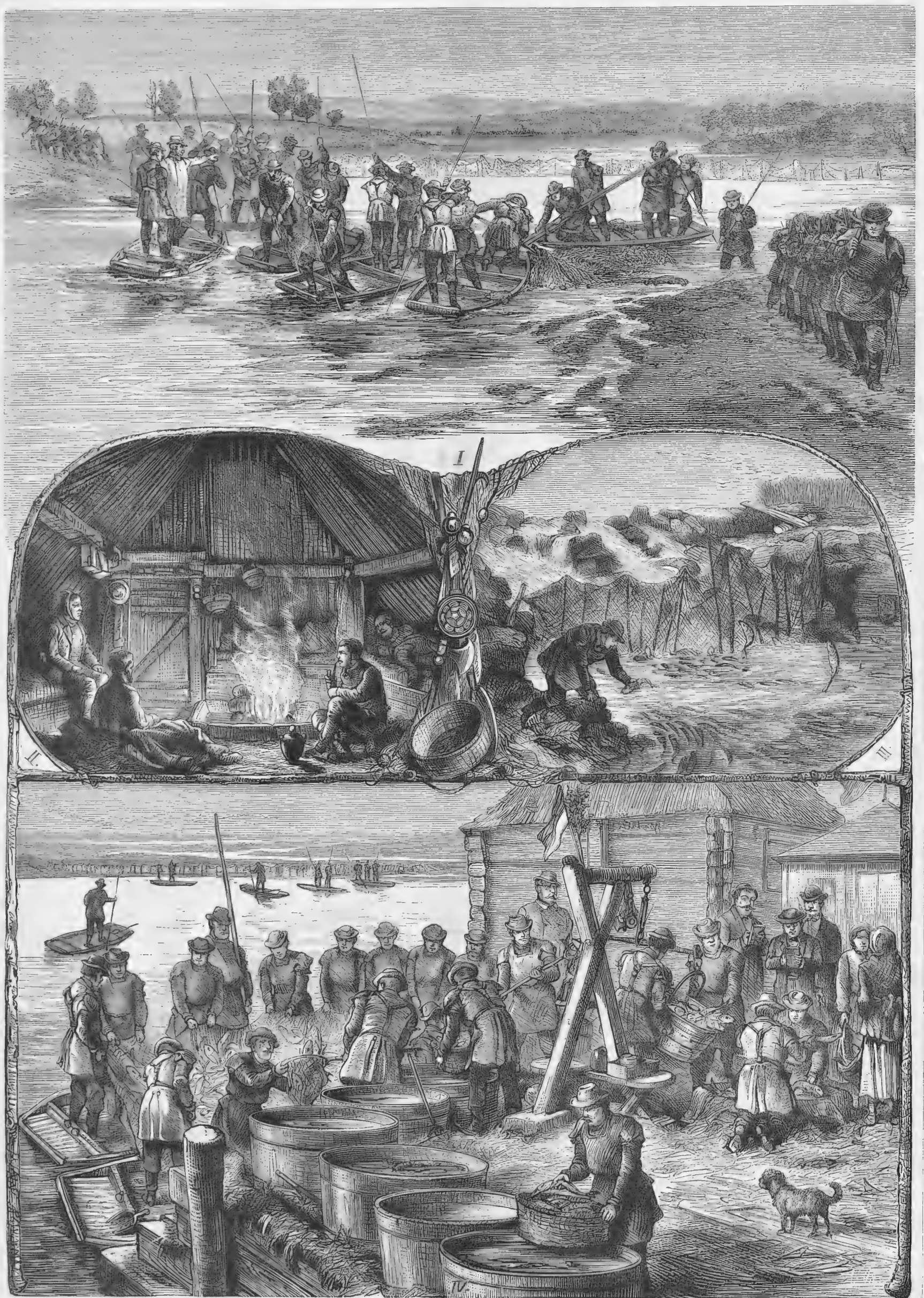
LORD PORTMAN'S hounds had another splendid run last week, they met at Handley Common, soon found, and a finer hunt was never witnessed. Lady Sebright was again in the first flight, but the feature of the day was her son, a youth of five years of age, who rode very well by the side of his mother, not with a leading string but a leading rein. This juvenile Nimrod was smartly got up in a jockey cap, and white leathers; towards the end of the day he got a tumble, unattended with any bad consequences.

A SPLENDID star, says a contemporary, has fallen from the Irish hunting firmament (though perhaps a planet would be a more correct designation for an orb so constantly in motion). On Thursday, the 11th ult., "Sam Reynell," for more than a generation the popular and autocratic M.F.H. of royal Meath, expired suddenly at his residence, Archerstown, to the awe and consternation of all, to the infinite regret of his large circle of friends in the hunting-field and out of it; for he had been out hunting in his usual high health and buoyant spirits only a few days previously, not a single faculty apparently diminished or clogged by the revolutions of his well-nigh seventy years. Mr. Reynell belonged to a generation of sportsmen who made Ireland the splendid hunting-ground which she now presents—who saw her capabilities and availed themselves of her resources. He had all the virtues of his caste—hospitality, frankness, open-heartedness, and high courage. The hunting-world, and Meath especially, recently recognised his services in a really splendid testimonial, and hunting is temporarily suspended in that county in consequence of his death.

On the back of our programme, at the Lyceum Theatre, on Monday night, we found a copy of the address presented to Mr. Irving, by the graduates and undergraduates of Trinity College, Dublin, *apropos* of which, *Yorick*, our new contemporary, remarking that Mr. Henry Irving has been undeniably successful in the provinces, adds—"But is it not an unkind thing of anyone to say that some one had the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's letters of introduction and recommendation lithographed and forwarded to all mayors, sheriffs, and chief newspaper proprietors in every town which the Lyceum company was about to visit? Each of those august functionaries believed himself to be the specially-favoured recipient of an autograph communication from her ladyship. Could it be possible that the University of Dublin has been influenced by the gracious signature of a noble lady, and is it true that the Provost of Glasgow has purchased a frame of curious workmanship in which to enclose the 'Yours truly' of a deservedly-popular baroness? With all respect for Mr. Henry Irving, we would regret that such a report had its foundation in truth."

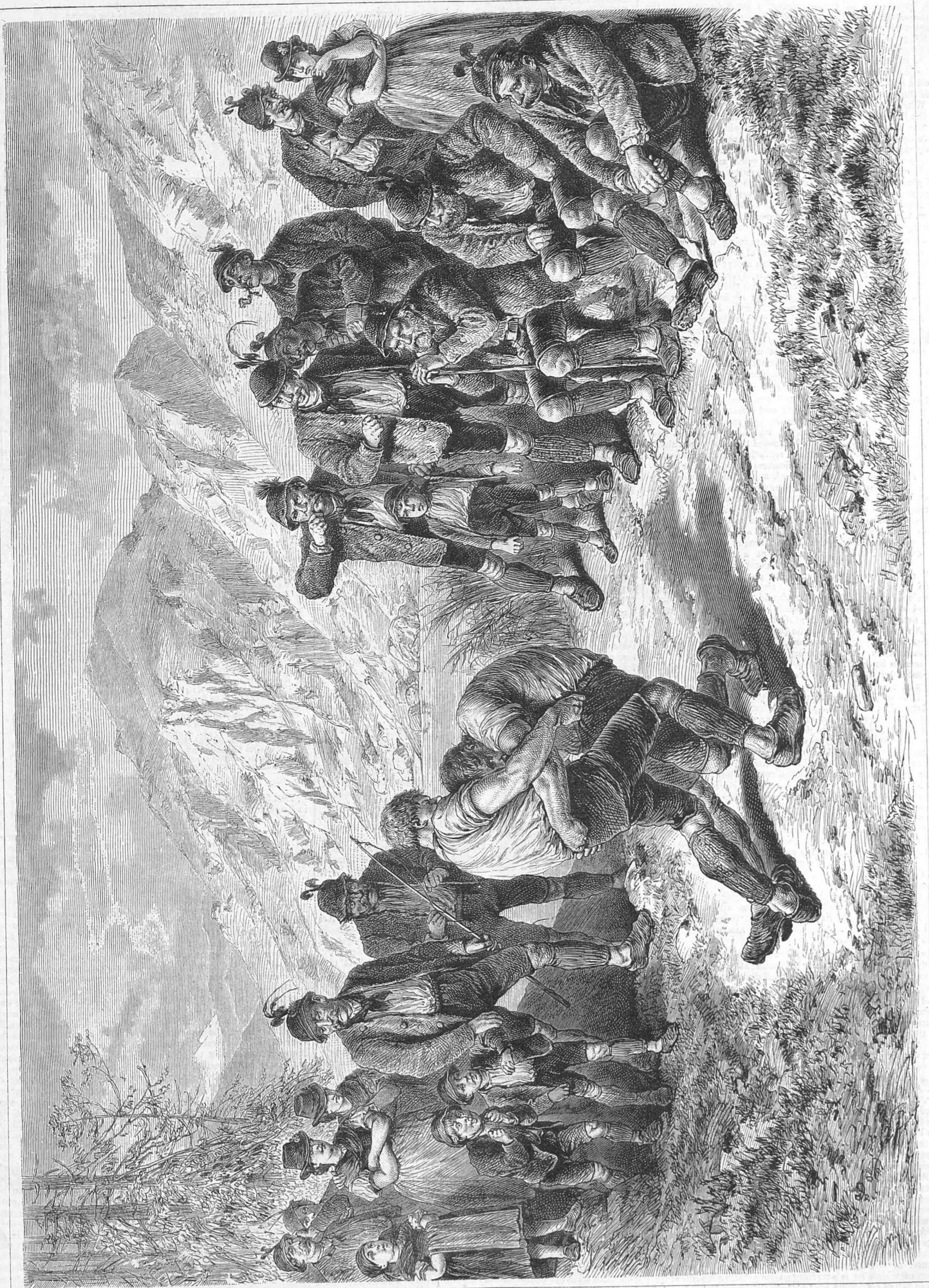
LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill London.—[ADV'T.]





SKETCHES FROM A BOHEMIAN FISHERY.





A WRESTLING BOUT IN THE ALPS.



## OUI DIRE.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE is closed, but may yet be re-opened when its scientific entertainment is no more. During the summer a sanguine speculator cleared out its worm-eaten seats, floors, stage, galleries, and the accumulated rubbish of its scores of managements, and enlarging it, converted it to a skating rink, and in its glowing prospectus of future promise a great feature was the restoration of the ancient well, or spring, long since filled up, which was once more to pour forth on suffering humanity medicinal waters of great virtue. The Middlesex magistrates, however, refused to grant a license, so, the scheme failed, and consequently somebody reconverted the house into a theatre. The building was enlarged to nearly twice its original size, a new stage was built and a new Sadler's Wells arose, with a new entertainment. But one thing was wanting—a license from the Lord Chamberlain. When, it is whispered, his Lordship's representatives visited the house, they required certain structural alterations to ensure the safety of the audiences, and it being impossible to complete these in time, the house was not re-opened, and, so says an Islingtonian journalist, "the pantomime has never unfolded its glories—except, it is also whispered, to a select and private party of friends of the management. The tinselled demons of the cave of gloom wander, it is believed, through the dim corridors, groaning and wailing; the fairies of the silver lake linger inconspicuously around their canvas bowers; and Grimaldi's was-to-be successor, the clown, weeps constantly over a new string of sawdust sausages."

We were particularly pleased the other evening when witnessing the new opera *Biorn*, with the graceful yet resolute way in which Rollo (Miss Cora Stuart) declined to accept the encore. If there is one nuisance more tiresome than another, that nuisance's name is *Encore*! a French word derived from the Italian, signifying *again*. It is usually supposed that the highest compliment an audience can confer on a performer is to make him repeat his song or his speech. Unquestionably, if people do not admire a song or a speech they don't usually wish to hear it once more, but it does not always follow that the clamoring by a boisterous few for a repetition, is the expression of wishes of all the spectators. And the clamorous few are the tyrants who command, much to the annoyance of the sensible minority.

To such a pitch of absurdity has this nuisance of encoring grown, that we may sometimes attend concerts in which, positively, every piece has to be repeated; and concerts announced to close at, say, ten o'clock, terminate at twelve. The slightest applause will now provoke an encore, and Miss This and Mr. T'other are apparently only too well pleased to show how amiable they are by hastening to the front and repeating their performance. It is thus impossible to test the genuineness of the popular sentiment and appreciation, since good, bad, and indifferent are alike rewarded. Not only is the really great artiste encored, but it is not unusual to find actually incompetent amateurs who appear at the time also encored. The compliment intended for the great, being thus, of course, marred in the making. It is just the same in America. The *Spirit of the Times* says—"It is unquestionably pleasant to a singer to be encored, but the encore should be demanded at a right and fitting season. When, for instance, a great artiste has just executed an elaborate and fatiguing piece, common sense ought to teach us that it is absurd to insist upon its repetition. Indeed, the public should remember that often singers and musicians are paid so much for each piece, and it is, therefore, forcing them to work gratuitously to oblige them to repeat. An encore should never be bestowed unless for the most meritorious and exceptional performances, and never when the said performance is of unusual length and difficulty. We remember once to have heard Rubinstein encored after playing the 18th sonata by Beethoven, one of the most elaborate and fatiguing pieces imaginable. Little Mdlle. Paladino, the popular danseuse at Booth's, has been encored after her fatiguing exhibitions, and the encore has been so persistent that, notwithstanding her gracefully pantomimed reluctance to re-execute her figure, she has been compelled to do so by a stupid and, we may add, almost brutal public, and has afterwards fainted away from extreme over-exertion. Had she not complied with the demand she would have lost popularity, and possibly have been scolded by her employers. In Italy, where the audiences are very demonstrative, they applaud and shout with delight until they are hoarse, but they rarely pretend to force a vocalist to repeat an elaborate solo. The singer is often recalled five and even ten times, but the audience is not so exacting as to put him through his paces again. This state of affairs allows a great deal of exciting enthusiasm to exist, which is highly flattering to the artist, and yet does not oblige him to do his work twice. Here the least enthusiasm is considered to mean an encore, and the best of the joke is, the people will not take a refusal, however delicately and persistently expressed. It would be a good retaliation if the singers were to encore the audience by obliging them to pay for a double performance. Imagine the public the other night at Steinway Hall, persisting in an attempt to force Madame Essipoff, after she had played seven times, to repeat a long and fatiguing piece. The lady, with much good sense, refused to be imposed upon."

We hear it said that a new theatre will shortly be erected in Northumberland Avenue, nearly opposite Morley's hotel, and a new concert-hall is spoken of as its immediate neighbour.

"THE other night," says a writer in *The World*, "after witnessing a kind of theatrical performance *à faire pitié*, I stood pensively at the door of the theatre watching the people going out. Amongst other loungers at the door and round the steps, I happened to observe the eldest scion of one of our noble families which possesses a respectable antiquity, as things go now. The young aristocrat was quietly chatting with some other men well known about town, and the whole party was perhaps arranging some little amusement for the rest of the evening. At this moment my friend X appeared, escorting an old lady to her carriage, when suddenly, and out of pure wantonness, the scion of nobility above mentioned deliberately threw his gloves in the old lady's face. My friend X., with admirable presence of mind, put the lady safe into her carriage and then returned to the doorway, quietly took off the young nobleman's hat and kicked it into the gutter, and asked the owner what he had to say for himself. The young noble, being more or less a gentleman, laughed off the matter, and admitted he was in the wrong." A gentleman, quotha! We fail to recognise either more or less of a gentleman in such conduct. Insulting an old lady, probably under the impression that she was alone, was a gross act of cowardice, perfectly in keeping with that meek submission to an insult as gross by which it was succeeded. What a remarkable difference there often is between a nobleman and a noble man. Add the following to the above as an illustration of this:—Mr. T. M. Southwell, carpet manufacturer of Bridgnorth, issued a circular to former creditors of the firm of which he is surviving partner stating his intention to pay up in full the creditors who accepted a composition of seven shillings in the pound in 1858. The sum required for this purpose was little less than ten thousand pounds, and checks in discharge of the balance accompanied the circular.

A CORRESPONDENT—whom we thank—sends us the following strange story of the run of a fox, from the *Western Daily Mercury*:—On Monday last the Hon. Mark Rolle's fox-hounds met

at the Gribble Inn, which is situated about three miles south of Torrington. The hounds were taken to draw Huntshaw Moor, and almost directly after they entered the furze and gorse, a slight whimper was heard, swelling into a grand chorus proclaiming a find of a lash of foxes. The hounds went a clinker over the moors towards Bagbear, Tinyham, and Westford to Watergate, through the hill coverts, into Pincleave wood. After rattling through the covers the foxes were viewed and "Tally Ho!" in all directions. A few of the hounds ran in various directions, but the majority of the pack stuck to the hunted fox, which they raced over the hill to Frizenham, thence to Hill Farm, and to Cross House. In the lawn here the fox was headed by some working men, and the hounds came to a check. A man driving up the New-road towards Torrington, viewed the fox crossing the river Torridge, and began to halloo! The fox ran towards Taddipport, along the road lately made in front of the Castle Hill, and then took a straight line up over the Castle Hill, being viewed by several persons who were walking along the various paths. When it had surmounted the Castle Hill it bounded over the garden hedge at the back of Mr. Doidge's, getting into South-street. It ran up the street, passing the Wesleyan Chapel, over the garden across the Villa-road, through Mr. Bangham's garden, into a grass plot, where it met with a pet cat. The two were seen to have a scramble, which attracted the attention of several persons. The fox then took to some ivy and clambered up a roof, and from roof to roof it was viewed and chased. A mason named Hearn went in pursuit, and the fox in running along the roof fell over upon his back into the street amongst a number of women, sending them in all directions. Reynard at once took himself off down the New-street, being pursued by some scores of people, and turning down the school-lane he jumped over the parsonage meadow hedge and got clear away."

"A VETERAN," writing on the subject of "Melton: its horses, their riders, and its hounds," says:—"I can see no trace of degeneracy in any shape or form on the part of either. I see no symptom of any falling-off in style, no trace of inferiority in the horses, their riders, or the hounds they follow; and I will back the men of the present day to ride as hard, go as fast, charge as big a brook, as stout a gate, as high an ox-fence, or as stiff a bull-finch as ever did the renowned Captain Ross, on Clunker, in the glorious times when the Quorn were hunted by Osbaldeston, now exactly fifty-one years since. He would be a difficult man to please who could find fault with Neale, of the Cottesmore, and his fine-drawn and fine-conditioned hounds; Frank Gillard, of the Belvoir, and his blooming beauties; or Tom Firr, of the Quorn, and his rasping and racing-looking pack; and though distance is said to lend enchantment to the view, yet I do not think that any one of the few remaining who hunted from Melton in olden times, on looking back to the past, will differ from me in the views I take of hounds and hunting now-a-days; and in respect of looks, the most splendid of all the packs of hounds I have ever seen is the Belvoir. Perfectly matched, even in size, and specially noticeable for their superb condition and beautiful colour, they are, in my opinion, not to be surpassed; and were I an artist about to paint a hunting picture I would choose them for models before all. In respect to the Cottesmore, I am of opinion that for dash and speed they will not be readily matched, whilst of the excellence of the Quorn there can be no question; and, therefore, I think that, as far as the hounds are concerned, Melton stands first on the list of those places I have as yet visited." He adds, "Looking at the style of horses of which the studs are composed, I believe they will bear comparison with any of the cracks of former days: even when contrasted with such nags as 'the Squire's' celebrated Clasher, Billy Coke's Advance, Sir Francis Burdett's Sampson, or any other of the renowned hunters whose fame is recorded in the annals of Melton; and I assert with little fear of contradiction that out of the number of horses now to be found there, as prime a lot of high bred and handsome animals as ever were seen will be met with in the various stables. As a specimen of a heavy weight carrier, I consider Mr. Little Gilmore's grey to be perfect; that Lord Grey de Wilton's lot of thoroughbred horses could not be easily matched: whilst those of Lord Wolverton's stud, the pick of Sir John Lister Kaye's, the lengthy bay horse recently purchased by Mr. Lubbock, the chestnut which carries Mr. Cecil Chaplin, or the black horse with the hog mane, that has already been mentioned, are deserving of the highest commendation, and are quite good enough to go across any country; and, looking at the straight going over the unusually heavy lands which I witnessed, I refuse to believe that even those far-famed riders whose names are familiar to old frequenters of Melton cannot be readily matched by the men of the period. The Messrs. Russell, who have come from Australia, have brought some horses with them, and the one alongside of which I rode, though very raw, may be described as a useful animal, but hardly worth the trouble and expense that it must have cost to bring her over. These gentlemen ride very hard indeed, not being at all particular as to what they charge, and, being mounted on some occasions on horses supplied by Percival, of Wansford, they are able to go the pace."

In the *Sporting Gazette*, "The Man about Town" says: "As there is nothing critics enjoy more than being criticised I am sure the *Pall Mall* will be only too glad to be candidly brought to book for its own mistakes, for not even a newspaper 'written by gentlemen for gentlemen' is infallible. On Tuesday last the following 'Occasional Note' appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—'There will be no more light and pleasant articles from the pen of the well known M. Eugène Chapus. He died, after a fortnight's illness, on Thursday evening, the 18th inst. M. Chapus, in conjunction with M. N. de Saint-Albin-Lagayère, established, about a quarter of a century ago, *Le Sport*, which is believed to have been the first sporting paper ever published in France, though its example was, in course of time, followed by *Le Jockey*, *Le Derby*, *Le Journal des Courses*, and as many other papers of the kind as may now exist. M. Chapus retained to the last the position of chief editor, and died in harness. He was distinguished, according to the evidence of those who knew him best, for remarkable tact, unflinching courtesy, and literary ability. He is believed to have adopted the name of 'Ned Pearson' on certain occasions of authorship, and to have left in the press, if it have not already been published, 'un ravissant volume Parisien,' entitled 'Voyageurs, prenez garde à vous!' and directed against the nuisances of railway travelling in France.' Now, any well-informed person ought to have known that M. Chapus never wrote under the pseudonym of 'Ned Pearson.' The gentleman who wrote on sporting subjects under that *nom de plume* for *Le Sport* was the Baron d'Etreilles, for some years starter to the French Jockey Club. There is the less excuse for this curious blunder on the part of the *Pall Mall* because for the last three or four years that journal has been publishing without acknowledgment, in the form of sporting articles, copious extracts from a well-known work on the French Turf by 'Ned Pearson,' entitled, 'Le Dictionnaire du Sport Français.' The translator can hardly have been ignorant of the identity of the writer whose work he was so ingeniously re-producing for the benefit of English readers."

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## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. N. (Birmingham).—We believe Mr. Blackburne has, on more than one occasion, conducted sixteen games simultaneously without sight of the board. Probably the strongest team ever opposed to a blindfold player was encountered by Morphy, at the St. George's Chess Club, during his visit to London in 1858.

W. S. (Leeds).—The game is much too weak for publication. The problem is fair, but it has been published before in this column.

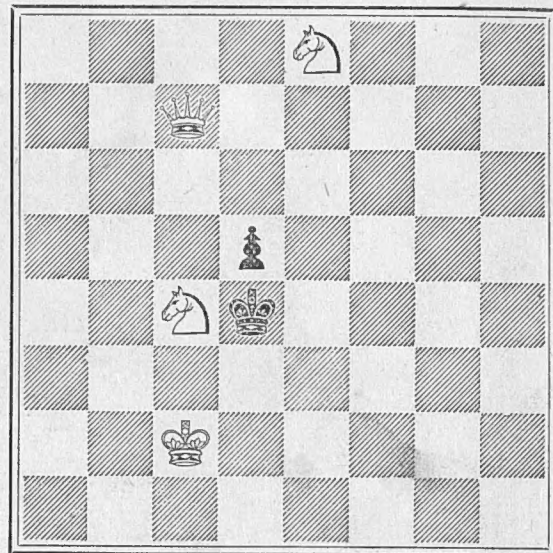
L. St. M. (Newman-street).—We cannot recommend professional teachers of chess. Your best course is to seek admission to one of the London clubs. The "St. George's" and the "City of London" are both unexceptionable associations.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEM No. 128 received from J. Byng, E. Govett, Pepper's Ghost, H. Lee, J. Wontone, G. H. W., and H. C. S. Triton, J. S. W., and W. S. are wrong.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 128.  
WHITE.  
1. Q to K R 8  
2. B to Q K 4 (ch)  
3. Q mates. (The variations are obvious.)  
BLACK.  
R to Q K 7 (ch)  
K to Q B 2

PROBLEM No. 130.  
By F. M. TEED.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

An interesting game played last summer at the Divan, between two strong amateurs.

[GIUOCO PIANO.]

WHITE (R.B.S.)	BLACK (H.)	WHITE (R.B.S.)	BLACK (H.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	19. P to B 5	B to B 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	20. Q to K 3	R to R sq
3. B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4	21. P to Q K 4	B to K 3
4. P to Q 3	P to K R 3	22. P to K 4	Kt to R 2
5. Castles	P to Q 3	23. Kt to B 3	B to K 5
6. P to K R 3	Kt to K B 3	24. Kt takes P (f)	B takes R
7. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q R 4 (a)	25. Kt to K 6 (ch)	K to Kt sq
8. B to Kt 3 (b)	R takes B	26. Q to K 6 (ch)	R to B 2
9. R P takes Kt	P to Q R 3 (c)	27. Kt to Q 5	Kt to B 3
10. B to K 3	B to K 2	28. Q Kt to K 7 (ch)	K to R 2
11. Kt to K 2	Castles	29. Q takes R	B to R 4
12. P to Q B 4 (d)	Kt to R 2	30. R to K sq	B takes Kt
13. Q to Q 2	P to K B 4	31. Q takes B (ch)	K to R sq
14. B takes B	R takes B	32. Kt to B 5	Q to R sq
15. Kt to B 3 (e)	P takes P	33. R to K 7	Kt to K sq
16. Kt to K R 2	P takes P	34. R to B 7	Q to Kt sq
17. Q takes P	Kt to Kt 4	35. Kt to K 7	Resigns
18. Q R to Q sq	K to R sq		

(a) Worse than weak, because betokening a poor style.  
(b) Castling, or B to K 3 was the proper mode of developing his game.  
(c) Better to have played P to Q B 3.  
(d) A useless move, and one that weakens the Q P.  
(e) Evidently played with the selfish object of losing the game!  
(f) Changes his mind, and resolves to win, and in capital style too; for now comes, in unbroken succession, a series of blows, all aimed at the right points, and dealt with uncommon vigour.

## ALTERNATION CHESS.

THE following amusing description of a species of chess known in England as "Alternation Games," is from a recent issue of the *Hartford Times*. The Chess Circle by whose members the game was played, is an association of ladies and gentlemen formed for the practise of chess during the winter months at Hartford, Connecticut. The president of the new society is Mrs. J. W. Gilbert, a lady who has achieved a world-wide fame as a chess-player, through her correspondence matches with some of the strongest players in the United States and Canada.

The players were paired as follows: Mrs. Gilbert and J. R. Dickinson; Miss Norton and J. W. Gilbert; Miss Langdon and Joseph J. Burns; W. B. Johnson and F. R. Foster. The boards were numbered 1-2-3-4. Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Dickinson each made one move at No. 1 table, passed on to No. 2 and opened the game by making one move there, then at No. 3 and one move there, and did the same at No. 4. In the meantime, as soon as this couple had made one move at No. 1 board, the next pair—Miss Norton and Mr. Gilbert—made one move each on No. 1, and then passed on to the other boards precisely as the first couple did. The third and fourth pairs followed suit, so that once round made four moves on each side in the four different games, and each round increased the number of moves in all the games in the same ratio. We watched the play with a great deal of interest. It was very amusing to see a player make a key move to some neat little combination, trusting to the others to follow up the idea; but as a rule they didn't "follow up" in a manner to encourage combinations. One player, after mature deliberation, posted a Knight in a threatening position, but when the next player came along he took the reckless horseman by the ear and led him back again. Then a meek Bishop would be trotted out only to be trotted back again. In one game the black King was made to move early, and directly he was moved back on to the square he originally occupied. And pretty quick a player, ignorant that the King had been played, castled, and this modest little manoeuvre relieved black amazingly. And so the players circled round and round until it got to be midnight, when the battle ceased by mutual consent and both sides commenced to compute their losses in killed, wounded and missing. In one case the black Queen had been sacrificed to save the King, and yet the monarch died. In another the white King was so sorely pressed by the ebony soldiers that his surrender was only a question of time. In still another the black king was so hemmed in that escape was impossible. And in the remaining game the fight had progressed so evenly and the losses were so equally divided that a drawn battle was the result.

It was estimated by some one present that each player in going from board to board walked less than twenty-five miles. And we do not think this is exaggerated, though it may be, as the players were continually on the move. After such an exhibition of pedestrianism let no one say that chess is a sedentary sport. If we ever engage in a revolving game of chess we shall charter an omnibus, and arrange for frequent relays of horses. All aboard!



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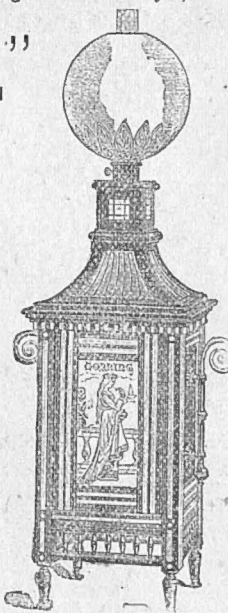
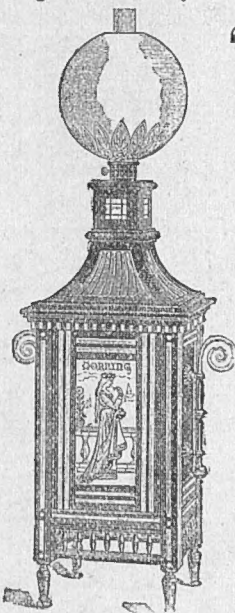
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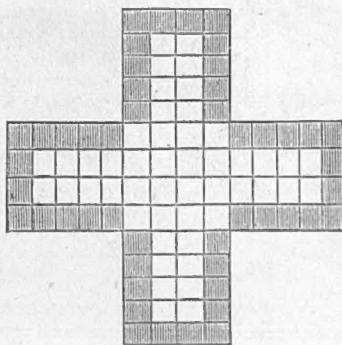
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